CHOICE SCRAPS,

Hiſtorical and Biographical,

CONSISTING OF

PLEASING STORIES

AND

DIVERTING ANECDOTES,

Moſt of them ſhort to prevent their being tireſome.

Comprehending much uſeful Information and innocent Amuſement.

FOR

YOUNG MINDS.

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PREFACE.

AT once to amuſe and inſtruct the riſing Generation is the principal Object of theſe CHOICE SCRAPS. It cannot be diſputed, that, in order to attain the above Purpoſes, nothing can be ſo proper as to produce Examples drawn from *real* Life, to lay before the youthful Readers a faithful Epitome of the Conduct, Characters, and Opinions, of thoſe Kings, Heroes, and Philoſophers, whoſe Memories will remain recorded in the ſacred Page of Hiſtory till Time itſelf ſhall be no more.

The firſt Part of this Work contains Anecdotes of the late Frederick, King of Pruſſia, whoſe Name as a Soldier and Philoſopher will never be forgotten. We have drawn the Curtain of Silence over his religious Opinions, and have tranſlated, from the moſt authentic Documents, only ſuch Matters as, we preſume, will throw the moſt ſtriking Light on that illuſtrious Prince's Character.

The ſecond Part, containing Ancient Anecdotes, though it cannot claim an equal Share of Originality with the firſt Part, yet, being ſelected from Works that have obtained the Sanc-

Sanction of paſt Ages, we are inclined to hope, that it will be no ſmall Aſſiſtant to the youthful Mind, and give to the Levity of Youth the Gravity of Manhood.

CHOICE SCRAPS.

PART THE FIRST.

ROYAL PRUSSIAN ANECDOTES.

A REDUCED officer in the late King of Pruſſia's ſervice, having ſerved as a brave man in the Seven-years war, conſtantly attended the king's levee every day to ſolicit for a penſion. The king had often ſaid to him, "Have patience, for at preſent I can do nothing for you." The officer was not to be put off in that manner; but, wherever he found the king, he beſieged him with his demands.

Fre-

Frederick, tired with theſe importunities, forbid his being admitted to his preſence.

In the mean while there appeared a violent ſatire againſt the king, and Frederick, contrary to his uſual forbearance, offered a reward of fifty louis-d'or to any perſon who would diſcover the author. The next day the lieutenant-colonel preſented himſelf at the palace, and was refuſed entrance; but he inſiſted on being admitted, ſaying, he had ſomething of importance to communicate to the king. His name was therefore announced, and he was ordered into the king's preſence. "Have I not already told you, (exclaimed his majeſty as ſoon as he ſaw him) that I can do nothing for you at preſent?"—"I am not come to demand any thing, (replied the officer) but your majeſty has promiſed fifty louis-d'or to him who ſhall diſcover the author of the pamphlet juſt publiſhed againſt you. I am the author. Puniſh the culprit, but pay the reward to my wife, that ſhe may procure bread for my hungry children."—"The devil confound

found you, (ſaid the king) you ſhall go to Spandau!" It may not be amiſs here to obſerve, that Spandau is a fortreſs near Berlin, where all ſtate culprits are impriſoned. "Sire, (replied the colonel) I ſhall patiently ſubmit to whatever puniſhment your majeſty ſhall pleaſe to inflict on me, ſo that you do but pay the promiſed reward to my wife." The king told him, that within an hour his wife ſhould have it, and ordered him to wait a moment. The king then ſat down at a table, wrote a letter, and gave it to the officer, ſaying, "You will give this letter to the commandant of Spandau, and tell him, that I forbid him to open it before dinner." The king then ordered the lieutenant-colonel to be conducted to Spandau.

The officer being arrived there, he delivered the letter, and acquainted the commandant with the king's orders. They dined, and the poor officer was under the moſt dreadful apprehenſions for what was to follow as grace to that meal. At length,

length, however, the letter was opened, and he read as follows: "The bearer of this letter is appointed commandant of the fortreſs of Spandau. His wife and children will be with him within a few hours, and bring with them fifty louis. The late commandant of Spandau will repair to Potſdam, where he will find a better place deſtined for him." Judge how great was the mutual ſurpriſe of both parties!

During the time that Voltaire was with the king at Potſdam, an Engliſhman happened to be there, who told the king, that he could retain, word for word, any diſcourſe of a tolerable length, after having once read it.—Frederick put him to the proof, and the Engliſhman made good his aſſertions.

At this moment Voltaire was announced, who came to read to the king a copy of verſes he had juſt written. Frederick

derick, to amuſe himſelf, concealed the Engliſhman in an adjoining cloſet, and ordered him to retain word for word what Voltaire ſhould read to him. The poet was introduced, and read his verſes. The king liſtened to them with an apparent coolneſs, and ſaid, "Indeed, my dear Voltaire, I cannot conceive what you are about, ſince you ſometimes take the verſes of others, and paſs them off for your own!" Voltaire proteſted, that the verſes were his own, and that he had finiſhed them but that moment. "Well, (ſaid the king) that is poſſible; but I have juſt ſeen an Engliſhman, who has repeated them to me as his own writing." Frederick ordered the Engliſhman to be called in, and deſired him to recite the verſes he had ſhewn him that morning. The Engliſhman inſtantly repeated the lines of the poet without the variation of a ſyllable. Voltaire flew into a paſſion, and declared, that the gentleman muſt deal with the devil. The king for ſome time amuſed himſelf with the poet's anger;

but

but at laſt let him into the ſecret, when the Engliſhman was diſmiſſed with a proper recompence for the pleaſure he had afforded the monarch.

The wiſeſt men, at times, ſuffer themſelves to be hurried away by prejudices, and even the great king of Pruſſia was frequently their victim. He was ſtrangely prepoſſeſſed againſt the manufactures of Germany, and could not perſuade himſelf, that it was capable of producing any thing excellent either in the ſciences, arts, or manufactures. It has been ſaid, that it was the Count de Rothenbourg, who inſpired him with theſe unfavourable ideas.

This Count one day procured him a very elegant ſnuff-box, which he preſented to him as a maſter-piece of one of the beſt workmen in Paris. The king happened to let this favorite ſnuff-box fall, by which it was broken. "It is a pity, (ſaid the monarch) for I much eſteemed

teemed this box!" A friend of the king, who was preſent, adviſed him to get it mended. "By whom? (replied Frederick.) Are not all the German workmen bunglers?" The nobleman replied, that he knew a very able workman at Berlin, and that he would take upon himſelf to get it mended in a maſterly manner. He carried the box to a German workman, and aſked him if he could properly mend it. "Why not? (ſaid the artiſt) I made it;" and then gave inconteſtable proofs of what he advanced. When the box was brought back to the king, and he was informed it was the workmanſhip of a German, he coolly replied: "Then it was made at Berlin! Well, then, I make you a preſent of it; for I ſhall uſe it no more."

A Pruſſian captain, named S. having had the misfortune to kill another officer in a duel, was taken and carried to the

main guard. The king could not prevent his being tried agreeably to the laws, by which he was condemned to die. Frederick, who loved the captain on account of his bravery, wiſhed to ſave him. He cauſed it to be ſecretly inſinuated to the officers his friends, that he ſhould not be ſorry, were he to hear that the priſoner had made his eſcape. Every thing was prepared for his flight; and, in order to facilitate it, Frederick ſent for the captain that day on guard, and ſaid to him: "Mind what I tell you: if you ſuffer S. to eſcape this night, be aſſured I will order you under arreſt for twenty-four hours." The captain very well underſtood the king's meaning, and, about midnight, invited his priſoner to take a little air before the guard-houſe. His friends were at a little diſtance with a poſt-chaiſe, and having told him of the preparations they had made for his eſcape, he got into the chaiſe, and was carried off. The captain next day made a report to the king of the flight of his priſoner, when

when Frederick pretended to be much enraged againſt him, and, in conformity to his word, ordered him under arreſt for twenty-four hours.

The king was often in danger of being poiſoned, but never put thoſe to death who attempted his life. One of his valets de chambre one day meditated the perpetration of this horrid crime. This miſcreant carried the king his cup of chocolate in the morning, according to his uſual cuſtom; but when he preſented it, Frederick obſerved an uncommon diſorder and confuſion in his countenance. "What is the matter with you? (ſaid the king, looking him ſtedfaſtly in the face.) I believe you want to poiſon me!" At theſe words, the villain's confuſion encreaſed, when he threw himſelf at the feet of the monarch, confeſſed his guilt, and implored pardon. "Get out of my ſight, knave!" ſaid the king to him, and

this was all his puniſhment; though ſome ſay he was ſent to Spandau. From that time, Frederick before he drank his chocolate, always gave a little of it to his dogs.

Frederick, after a bloody battle, aſked his officers, who, in their opinion, had ſhewn the greateſt bravery that day. They all anſwered, as if by mutual conſent, "Your majeſty, ſire!" The king who expected this anſwer, replied, "You very much miſtake; it was a fifer, by whom I paſſed twenty times during the battle, and from the firſt to the laſt charge, found him playing his martial airs with the utmoſt compoſure.

The king one day ſeeing a Dutch merchant in Sans Souci, walked up to him, and aſked him, if he wiſhed to ſee the gar-

gardens. The merchant, who knew not the king, replied, he did not know whether that was permitted at the time the king was there. "Give yourſelf no concern about that, (ſaid Frederick) I will conduct you." He ſhewed the merchant the moſt beautiful parts of his garden, and aſked his opinion of what he had ſeen. When he had ſhewn him every thing, the merchant drew out his purſe, and was going to make a preſent to his conductor. "I can take nothing, (ſaid the king) we are forbidden to take any thing; and ſhould the king know that we accept a preſent, we ſhould be puniſhed for it." The merchant then thanked him very politely, and retired, not doubting but his conductor was the inſpector of the gardens. He had not gone far before he met the gardener, who accoſted him, in a very rude tone, with, "What do you do here? Do not you know that the king is here?" The Dutchman related every thing that had juſt paſſed, and highly praiſed the politeneſs of

the perſon who had ſhewn him the garden." And do you know who that was? (ſaid the gardener.) It was the king himſelf!" Judge what was the aſtoniſhment of the merchant.

The king, one day looking out of his window, ſaw a number of people, who were reading a paper fixed up on the wall. "Go and ſee what that paper is about," ſaid the king to one of his pages. He returned and informed his majeſty, it was a libel againſt his ſacred perſon. "It is placed too high, (ſaid the king) go and take it down and place it lower, and it will then be more eaſily read."

A corporal of the guards, who was conſidered as a very vain man, but at the ſame time as poſſeſſed of great bravery, wore a watch-chain, at the end of which was

was fixed a muſket-ball inſtead of a watch. The king, being deſirous of joking with him, ſaid to him, "Corporal, you muſt have been very frugal, to be enabled to buy a watch. It is ſix o'clock by mine; pray tell me what it is by your's." The corporal plainly ſaw through the king's intention, and immediately pulled the ball out of his fob, ſaying, "Sire, my watch does not inform me whether it be five or ſix o'clock; but it reminds me, that I muſt be every moment prepared to die for your majeſty."—"There, friend, replied the king, much affected) take that watch, in order that you may know the hour in which you are to die for me." So ſaying, he gave him his watch, which was ornamented with brilliants.

At the ſiege of Schweidnitz, the king, having reſolved to be let blood on the field, inquired for a ſurgeon, when one was immediately procured. The king diſmounted,

mounted, pulled off his coat, and ſeated himſelf on a little hillock. The ſurgeon performed the operation, and the blood was flowing, when a bomb fell a few paces from them, and covered them both with earth. The operator ran away as faſt as he could, and left the king in that condition. Frederick, who kept his ſeat without the leaſt emotion or fear, called out to the ſurgeon, "At leaſt come and bind up my arm!" At laſt, after many threats and entreaties, the ſurgeon approached him trembling. "Thou art a valiant fellow! (ſaid the king to him.) Make haſte." Frederick then mounted his horſe, and compoſedly purſued his ride.

Frederick one day rang his bell, and nobody anſwered, on which he opened his door, and found his page faſt aſleep in an elbow chair. He advanced towards him, and was going to awaken him, when he

he perceived part of a letter hanging out of his pocket. His curioſity prompting him to know what it was, he took it out and read it. It was a letter from this young man's mother, in which ſhe thanked him for having ſent her part of his wages to relieve her in her miſery, and finiſhed with telling him, that God would reward him for his dutiful affections. The king, after having read it, went back ſoftly into his chamber, took a bag of ducats, and ſlipped it and the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his chamber, he ran the bell ſo loudly, that it awakened the page, who inſtantly made his appearance. "You have had a ſound ſleep," ſaid the king. The page was at a loſs how to excuſe himſelf, and putting his hand into his pocket by chance, to his utter aſtoniſhment he there found a purſe of ducats. He took it out, turned pale, and, looking at the king, ſhed a torrent of tears, without being able to utter a ſingle word. "What is that? (ſaid the king) what is the matter?—"

"Ah,

"Ah, Sire, (ſaid the young man, throwing himſelf on his knees) ſomebody ſeeks my ruin! I know nothing of this money, which I have juſt found in my pocket! —"My young friend, (replied Frederick) God often does great things for us even in our ſleep. Send that to your mother, ſalute her on my part, and aſſure her that I will take care of both her and you."

The following is a ſtriking example of Frederick's ſeverity in every thing that regarded military ſubordination. A common ſoldier, of the battalion of guards, was ſo familiar with the king, that he had the liberty of entering his chamber without being announced. He often uſed this liberty in aſking money of Frederick, which he generally ſpent in the alehouſe. Whenever the king refuſed what he aſked for, ſaying he had no money, the ſoldier would reply, "Fritz, look into thy leather purſe, and you will there find ſome few ducats remaining."

This

This ſoldier, being one day on guard, had a diſpute with his officer, and preſented his bayonet, as if he intended to ſtab him. The officer cauſed him to be arreſted, and the matter was reported to the king, who ordered him to be tried for the offence. The council of war condemned him to die, and the ſentence being brought to the king, he ſigned it without ſaying a word. Every one ſuppoſed he would receive the king's mercy, and the criminal was himſelf ſo much convinced of it, that he made no preparations for death; and even to the very moment of his execution, he ſuppoſed, that they meant only to puniſh him by fear. However, he was deceived, and executed.

As Frederick was one day looking out of the window, he perceived one of his pages taking a pinch of ſnuff out of his box, which was lying on the table. He did

did not interrupt him; but coming ſoon after from the window, he ſaid to him, "Is that ſnuff-box agreeable to your taſte?" The page was ſo confounded, that he knew not what reply to make. Frederick repeated the queſtion, and the page at laſt ſaying, that he thought it a very handſome one, "Well then, (ſaid the king to him) take it; it is not large enough for two."

Frederick would never ſuffer any one in his preſence to make uſe of any pleaſantries on his father's memory. He was one day told, that there was at Potſdam an old invalid, who had ſerved under his grandfather Frederick I. The king ſent for him, ſpoke to him concerning his grandfather and father, and converſed with him a long time. The old man, emboldened by this affability, and willing to amuſe the king, ſaid to him:

"Sire,

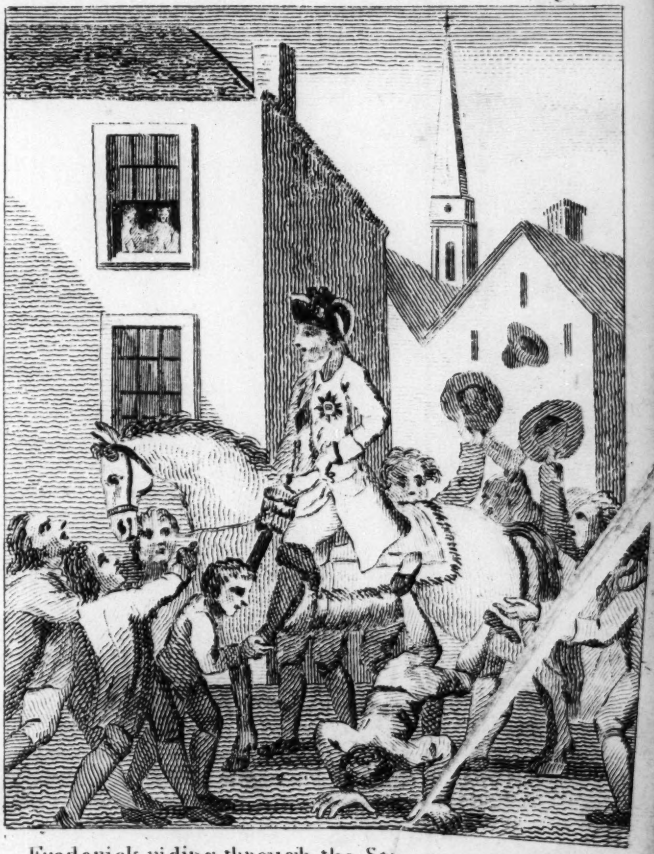
"Sire, I muſt relate to you a pleaſantry of the king your father, when he was only prince royal. He went one day from Berlin to Potſdam with the prince of Deſſau. In the courſe of their journey, they met with a ſhepherd, who was ſleeping near his flock, and amuſed themſelves with cutting off the tails of his cows."—"That cannot be true," ſaid the king, with a ſerious countenance; and, immediately turning to one of his attendants, "Give this man ten crowns," ſaid he, and inſtantly retired.

When Frederick rode on horſeback through the ſtreets he was always ſurrounded by a number of low fellows, who played all kinds of monkey tricks. Some threw their hats into the air before him, making loud huzzas; ſome patted his horſe, and wiped the duſt from his boots, crying aloud, "Good day, Fritz;

our worthy Fritz; long live Fritz!" It may not be amiſs here to tell our young readers, that Fritz is a familiar contraction for Frederick. The king often ſuffered the mob thus to amuſe themſelves for whole hours; and, when he wiſhed to get rid of them he would give his horſe a ſpur to make him prance, and then contented himſelf with ſaying, "Get out of the way," when they all retired, and left him quietly to take his ride.

The king, during his Sileſian reviews, had ſeveral times taken up his abode at a curate's, without ever having ſeen the maſter of the houſe. One day, being in a good humour, he ſent for him.

How do you do, curate?" ſaid the king on ſeeing him.—"Very badly!"—"Well! well! take patience, and you will do better in the other world."—"I doubt that much, and even fear of doing worſe there."—"How ſo?"—"I will tell



Frederick riding through the Streets of Berlin

tell your majeſty, if you will condeſcend to hear me."—"Well, let us hear, let us hear."—"I have two daughters, three ſons, and a little curacy. I thought I perceived ſome talents in my boys, and I find I am not deceived. I have employed all my fortune in their education; I ſent them to ſchools and univerſities, and thoſe expences have involved me in debts. My children have acquired ſome knowledge; but they are not yet provided for, and therefore cannot return me what I have advanced for them. The revenues of my curacy, inſtead of increaſing, have diminiſhed, and I am becoming old, without ſeeing any hopes of paying my debts. Now, ſhould I die without ſatisfying my creditors, your majeſty knows, I ſhall be conſigned to miſery in the next world, without pity."

"That is very hard, indeed, (ſaid the king) but I will relieve you from this unhappy ſituation. How much do your debts amount to?"—"To eight hundred crowns."—"I will pay them, if you can

prove to me, that your children are properly brought up. In that caſe, I will take care of them, and increaſe your income. But where are your daughters?" —"I always ſend them to town, when your majeſty comes here with your retinue."—"Ah, that is acting prudently. Let them come and ſee me to-morrow."

The next day, the king had forgotten the curate's daughters, who preſented themſelves, and inſiſted upon being introduced, in ſpite of the oppoſition of his domeſtics, to whom they declared, that the king had ſent for them. Frederick converſed with them a conſiderable time, ſent for a milliner, bought them ſeveral trifles, and gave to each of them a ſmall ſum of money. The curate's ſons, who were in fact very well brought up, were put into places, the daughters were provided with huſbands, and the king ſaid, laughingly, "I have made a curate happy both in this world and in the next."

One of Frederick's domeſtics came to wait on him, dreſſed in an elegant fleſh-coloured coat, he thinking to pleaſe the king by his dreſs, becauſe that was his favourite colour. Frederick pretended not to ſee him. The ſervant hereupon ſoon perceived his miſtake, ſlipped out, and put on a coat more ſuitable to his ſtation. The king then, with great affability, ſaid to him, "Tell me, friend, who was that coxcomb that appeared at Sans Souci in a fleſh-coloured coat?"

Frederick was very fond of children, and permitted the ſons of the prince royal, who is now the reigning monarch, to have free acceſs to him at all times without interruption. One day, as he was writing in his cabinet, the eldeſt of theſe princes was amuſing himſelf with a battledore and ſhuttlecock, the latter of which fell on the king's table, when Frederick took it up, and threw it to the young prince,

and continued writing. The child continued his play, and the ſhuttlecock ſoon fell again on the table. The king once more threw it to the young prince, at the ſame time giving him an angry look, when the little hero promiſed, that nothing of the like kind ſhould happen again. At laſt, however, the ſhuttlecock fell on the paper upon which Frederick was writing, when the king took it up, and put it into his pocket. The little prince humbly begged pardon, and prayed him to reſtore him his ſhuttlecock, which the king refuſed. He renewed his entreaties; but to no effect. At length, wearied with begging, the young prince advanced haughtily towards the king, and putting his hands on each ſide, ſaid, in a threatening tone, "I inſiſt on knowing whether your majeſty will give me my ſhuttlecock: anſwer me, yes or no!" The king laughed heartily, and taking the ſhuttlecock out of his pocket, returned it to him, ſaying, "Thou art a brave youth, they will never take Sileſia from thee."

In one of the catholic churches of Silesia it was discovered, that several silver offerings, which had been made to the Virgin Mary, where missing. After many researches, the sexton observed, that a soldier was always the first at divine service, and was the last who left the church.

An order was made to search his apartments, were every thing belonging to the saint was found. However, the soldier denied that he had taken any thing, and maintained, that having addressed the holy Virgin in his misery, she herself had during the night, brought these pieces of plate into his chamber. Little regard, however, was paid to this defence, and he was condemned to receive corporal punishment.

When the sentence was sent to the king for confirmation, he ordered the catholic priests to be asked, if such a thing, according to the principles of their church, could be possible? They unanimously answered, that miracles at present were indeed very rare, but that however they were

were not abſolutely impoſſible. Hereupon the king gave the following anſwer to the council of war:

"The accuſed ſhall not be puniſhed, ſince he perſiſts in denying the robbery, and, according to the deciſion of the theologians of his church, the miracle he alledges to have been performed in his favour, is not impoſſible; but I forbid him henceforward to receive, under pain of the ſevereſt puniſhments, any preſents, either from the Virgin Mary, or from any other ſaint whatever."

Frederick treated his domeſtics with much kindneſs. During his laſt illneſs, happening to wake in the middle of the night, he called the domeſtic who was ſitting up in his antichamber, and aſked him what o'clock it was. On being anſwered that it was two, he replied, "I can ſleep no longer. See if my people are awake; but, if they be aſleep, do not

not waken them, as they must be very tired. If Neumann, (his hussar of the chamber) is awake, only tell him, that you believe I shall soon rise; but mind that you do not disturb any person."

He generally entered into a discourse with the servant who sat up with him; and the following is one of those conversations during his last illness.

"*King.* What o'clock is it?

"*Servant.* Midnight.

"*King.* Ah! I cannot sleep: talk to me about something.

"*Serv.* What can I have to say to your majesty! I am but a poor ignorant man, and know nothing!

"*King.* From whence do you come?

"*Serv.* From a village of Lower Pomerania.

"*King.* Are your father and mother still living?

"*Serv.* I have only a mother, who is very aged.

"*King.* What does she live upon?

"*Serv.* She spins.

"*King.*

"*King.* How much does ſhe earn a-day?

"*Serv.* Three-pence halfpenny.

"*King.* She cannot live comfortably upon that.

"*Serv.* In my country every thing is very cheap.

"*King.* But have you not ſent her any thing?

"*Serv.* A few crowns now and then.

"*King.* You have done well, and are an honeſt youth. You have had a great deal of trouble with me; but have patience, and, if you behave well, I will find out ſomething for you."

Some days after, it again coming to the turn of the Pomeranian to attend the king's perſon, Frederick ſaid to him, "Go to the window, I have put ſomething there for you." There were thirty louis d'or. The Pomeranian could not ſuppoſe that ſo large a ſum was intended for him, and taking only five or ſix of them, and opening his hand to ſhew them to the king, aſked whether that was what

he

he was to take. "No, (replied the king) take all, it is for you, and I have alſo ſent ſomething to your mother." The good ſervant could not reſt till he was informed what the king had ſent his mother, and his joy was inexpreſſible, when he found his majeſty had ſettled on her a penſion of an hundred crowns.

An eccleſiaſtic, named Mylius, found, among his father's papers, a promiſſory note, to a conſiderable amount, which the king had given him while he was prince royal. Mylius ſent it to the king, with the following letter:

"SIRE,

"Among my father's papers, I have found the encloſed bill. I cannot tell, whether it has been through negligence, or any other means, that this bill has not been cancelled; but I leave the matter to your majeſty's diſpoſal."

The

The king anſwered this letter, and ſaid, that he very well remembered receiving from his father the ſum mentioned in the bill; and that if there was any error in the matter, it was but juſt that he ſhould be the loſer. He paid the capital with intereſt.

The town of Griefenberg having been burned, Frederick rebuilt it. The inhabitants ſent deputies to the king to thank him for his bounty, when he replied, "It is unneceſſary to thank me for this, ſince it is my duty to relieve the misfortunes of my ſubjects. For that purpoſe was I made."

A horſe-doctor, who had zealouſly laboured during an epidemical diſorder among the cattle, demanded, by way of recompenſe, the title of *Counſellor of the Court*. The king granted the petition, after effacing the words *Counſellor of the Court*,

Court, and ſubſtituting, *Counſellor of the Stables*.

Frederick paſſed a part of the ſummer at Sans-ſouci, without any ſoldiers to guard him, and he ſlept as quietly as if he had been ſurrounded by a thouſand bayonets. A foreigner, whom the king had ſent for, arrives at Sans-ſouci, knocks at the gate, a little man in blue approaches with an eaſy and careleſs air to open it, and this little man was the king.

Frederick was by no means fond of puniſhing his domeſtics, even when he found them guilty of the moſt atrocious offences. One of theſe people robbed him of ten thouſand crowns, which was no difficult thing to accompliſh, as the king was not diſtruſtful, and careleſsly left his money open in his cloſet and other places. When he found he had been

robbed, he ſaid at table, with a great ſhare of good-humour, that he was ſurrounded with pick-pockets, but made no ſtir in order to diſcover the thief.

Some days afterwards, one of his old domeſtics named the perſon who had ſtolen the money, when the king ſaid to him in a paſſion, "That is not true, and, even if it were, you ought not to ſay it!" The domeſtic aſſured the king that he ſpoke the truth, adding, that the thief had already carried five thouſand crowns to Berlin, that the reſt were concealed in his bed, and that he would go and fetch them, if he would pleaſe to give him his orders ſo to do. "Hold your tongue, (ſaid the king to him) I do not wiſh to ſee nor touch the money, of which this raſcal has robbed me, and I forbid you to ſay any more to me about it."

A week afterwards, the king, taking the air, met the thief, who was ſitting at eaſe in a carriage. "How, villain! (ſaid the king to him) do you ſpend the money of which you have robbed me by

riding

riding in a coach!" and then left him. The next day, he ſent him back to the regiment of huſſars whence he had taken him, where he ſtill enjoys the fruits of his robbery.

Frederick, having commanded ſome work of an artiſt, and having waited a long time, ſent for him, and aſked him why he had not executed the orders he gave him. "Sire, (replied the artiſt) the reaſon is, becauſe I have had ſo much to do for M. Theſen." This was the name of one of the king's domeſtics, who had the care of his private caſh.

The king, ſurpriſed at this man's extravagance, was very deſirous of ſeeing into the matter himſelf. He watched the moment in which Theſen went into a houſe he had juſt built near Sans-ſouci, and went there on foot. Theſen, who by no means expected ſuch a viſit, was obliged to conduct the king through all

the apartments, with which Frederick ſeemed highly charmed, and much applauded the taſte of the owner. At laſt, he entered a bed-chamber, and, being ſtruck with its uncommon elegance, he haſtily aſked who it was lay in that room. "I, Sir," replied Theſen. In going out, he met the architect, of whom he inquired how much that houſe had coſt. He was anſwered, ſixty-thouſand crowns. "And where did you get that money?" ſaid he, turning to Theſen. "From your majeſty's coffer, (replied he, trembling) but I intend to return it." The king's patience was now exhauſted, he gave him ſome ſtrokes on the ſhoulder with his cane, and ſaid, as he was going out, "Had it not been for that jeſſamy apartment, in which the rogue impudently preſumes to ſleep, I ſhould have forgiven him."

Theſen thought himſelf totally loſt. The next day, the king ſent for him, and ordered him to open the ſtrong box in his preſence, when they found in it

ſeven

ſeven or eight hundred louis d'or. "There, villain! (ſaid the king to him) take the reſt; take it, and never let me ſee your face more!" And this was the whole of his puniſhment.

One of the king's old valets de chambre, who was addicted to drinking, often came intoxicated into the king's chamber. When he was abſolutely incapable of doing his duty, the king would make him go out ſoftly at a private door, telling him to go to ſleep. He ſhewed this complaiſance to the poor creature, in order not to expoſe him to the raillery of the other domeſtics, and to ſave him the ſhame of being turned away. The king, the better to keep the matter ſecret, did not call any other ſervant to undreſs him.

Lieutenant-colonel de D—, an engineer in the French ſervice, came to Potſ-

dam, and brought with him the plans of different fortreſſes in his country. Frederick took him into his ſervice, and the colonel thought to pay his court to him, by preſenting him with theſe plans. "I thank you for your preſent, (ſaid the king to him on receiving it) but I forbid you to put your foot in any of my fortreſſes, ſince you have made ſo bad a uſe of your talents. Inſtruct my miners and ſappers, and that is all the ſervice I expect from you." Some time after, he raiſed him to the rank of colonel; but he was never otherwiſe employed. Frederick thus made uſe of this ſort of people, without ever repoſing any confidence in them.

A man aſked the king for a place, and was refuſed. A little time after, he wrote to the king as follows: "I am told, Sire, that you refuſe me the place I aſked. I cannot believe it, for you owe it me, and you would wiſh to be juſt. Make haſte then

then to perform your duty, and clear yourſelf of injurious ſuſpicions."

The king, ſurpriſed at this arrogance, ſent for the man, and aſked him what right he had to make uſe of ſuch language, and upon what grounds he founded his pretenſions. The man replied, "I found my claims upon the neceſſity I am under of not periſhing, which is the firſt of all rights, and the moſt ſacred of all titles." Frederick was ſilent, and granted him the place he demanded.

Frederick was very fond of dogs, and had always half a dozen Italian greyhounds about him. In every part of his cloſet were ſeen little leather balls for them to play with; and, when they were ill, he ordered care to be taken of them.

In his firſt campaigns, he always took one of thoſe dogs with him. Being one day too far advanced towards the enemy, Frederick met a party of their huſſars.

and

and was obliged to conceal himſelf under a bridge, where nobody could perceive him. His only apprehenſions were, that Biche, his little bitch, might bark at the horſes, and thereby diſcover him; but Biche, as if ſenſible of the ſituation of her maſter, couched down near him, without making the leaſt noiſe. Soon after, the king met Gen. Rothenbourg, and preſented Biche to him as his beſt friend.

At the battle of Soor, Biche was taken priſoner with the king's baggage, and Gen. Nadaſti made a preſent of the animal to his lady, who was very unwilling to reſign her. The king was buſy writing in his chamber when Biche returned. Ruthenbourg let her in gently, but ſhe immediately leaped on the table, and put her forepaws round the neck of his majeſty. The king was ſo affected as to ſhed tears on the occaſion. When Biche died, ſhe was buried in the garden of Sans-ſouci, and a monument was erected to her memory. The king, even to his death,

death, was ſurrounded by the numerous poſterity of this faithful companion.

Notwithſtanding this attachment of Frederick to dogs, he never ſuffered them to do an injury to any one. An officer having one morning entered the king's apartment, and extending his arm to receive a paper from the king, one of theſe favourite dogs jumped at the hand of the officer, and bit it till the blood came. Frederick immediately took his cane, broke the dog's back, and threw him out of the window.

One day, when the ducheſs of Brunſwick was at Potſdam, the king preſented Count Scheverin, his grand equerry, with a gold ſnuff-box, on the lid of which was painted an aſs. The count had no ſooner quitted the king, than he ſent his ſervant to Berlin, had the aſs taken out, and the portrait of the king put in its place.

The

The next day at dinner, the count affected to leave his box careleſsly on the table, when the king, who wiſhed to amuſe the ducheſs at the expence of the grand equerry, ſpoke of the box he had given him. The ducheſs deſired to ſee it, it was handed to her, ſhe opened it, and exclaimed, "A perfect! a moſt ſtriking likeneſs! indeed, brother, I have never ſeen a better portrait of you!" The king was much embarraſſed, and thought the joke was carried too far. The ducheſs gave the box to her next neighbour, who expreſſed equal admiration. Thus the box was handed round the table, and each expreſſed his approbation of the likeneſs. The king could not conceive what all this could mean, as he knew nothing of the alteration it had received. At length, the box paſſed under the king's inſpection, when he inſtantly perceived the trick, and could not help laughing.

A ſtu-

A ſtudent in divinity came from Thuringia, his native country, to Berlin, to gain a ſubſiſtence by teaching young people. He had quitted his country rather than accept a curacy, on the condition of marrying a woman whom he did not like. His whole fortune amounted to about four hundred crowns, which he brought with him in pieces of money of his own country, called *batzes*. When his baggage was examined at the cuſtom-houſe at Berlin, they took from him his *batzes* as contraband, becauſe they had been ſome years before prohibited by the king. He excuſed himſelf by ſaying, that he was ignorant of the law; but they paid no attention to what he ſaid, and kept the money.

After many fruitleſs attempts, he was adviſed to addreſs himſelf to the king; and the following is the ſtudent's own relation of this matter:

"I drew up a memorial, made a fair copy of it, and ſet out for Potſdam, recommending myſelf to God, and without having

having a farthing in my pocket. It was there I had, for the firſt time, the happineſs of ſeeing this great monarch. He was on the parade, before the palace, employed in exerciſing his ſoldiers. When the exerciſe was over, he went into the garden, and the ſoldiers retired to their quarters. Four officers remained on the parade, where they walked up and down.

"I was ſo troubled, that I knew not how to act. At laſt, I took my papers out of my pocket, which were my memorial, two atteſtations, and a paſſport from Thuringia. The officers perceiving theſe papers, and my uneaſineſs, came to me, and aſked me what letters I had there. I communicated the contents of them, with a great deal of pleaſure, to theſe gentlemen; and, after they had read them, they told me, they would give me the beſt advice. "The king is to-day (ſaid they) in a very good humour, follow him into the garden, and you will not repent of taking our advice."

"I could

"I could not conſent to it; but one took me by the arm, and the other by the ſhoulder, and forced me along, ſaying, "Come! come into the garden!" As ſoon as we had entered, they ſought for the king. He was talking to the gardeners, and ſtooping, with his back towards us, to look at ſome plants. The officers then ordered me to ſtop, and made me perform the following exerciſe.

"Put your hat under your left arm.
"Advance your right foot.
"Thruſt out your cheſt.
"Hold up your head.
"Take your papers out of your pocket.
"Raiſe them with the right hand.
"Continue in that attitude.

"They then left me, turning about frequently to ſee if I kept my poſition. I clearly perceived, that they meant to make themſelves merry at my expence; but I was ſo much frightened, that I remained immoveable as a ſtatue. The of

ficers had proceeded but a little way in the garden, when the king turned round, and perceived my immoveable figure. He caſt a look at me, which ſeemed like the rays of the ſun. He ſent a gardener to take my papers, and when he received them, he ſtruck into another walk, and I loſt ſight of him.

"A few moments after, he again appeared with the papers open in his left hand, and he made a ſign for me to approach him. I took courage, and advanced towards him. Oh! with what kindneſs did he ſpeak to me!

"My dear Thuringian, (ſaid he to me) you are come to Berlin to ſeek a livelihood by teaching young people, and the cuſtom-houſe officers have taken from you all your Thuringian money. It is true, that the *batzes* are forbidden in my dominions; but the cuſtom-houſe officers ſhould have ſaid to you: "You are a ſtranger, and ignorant of the prohibition. We are going to ſeal up your little bag: take it back, and get other money for it

in

in Thuringia; but it was ill done in them to take it. Make yourſelf eaſy, you ſhall have your money returned with intereſt. Yet, my friend, it is bad to be out of bread in Berlin, for the Berliners give nothing. Before you have made proper acquaintances, your money will be all gone."

"I was ſo troubled, that it was ſome moments before my words could find utterance. The king walked on a few ſteps, and then made a ſign for me to follow him. I approached, and having recovered myſelf a little, I was able to anſwer him ſuch queſtions as he put to me. He then aſked me where I was educated, what had been the nature of my ſtudies, and who were my maſters. I gave him ſuch anſwers as ſeemed perfectly to ſatisfy him.

"We continued to converſe in the moſt familiar manner till the clock ſtruck one, when the king ſaid, "I muſt go; they wait for me at dinner." In going out of the garden, I ſaw nothing more of

the four officers, nor were they on the parade; but had joined the king. I remained on the parade. It was twenty-ſeven hours ſince I had eaten any thing, and I had not even a halfpenny to buy me a piece of bread, after having walked eight leagues on foot, over ſands, in very hot weather.

"I was in this ſorrowful ſituation, when a huſſar came upon the parade, and aſked me, if I were not the perſon who had that morning ſpoken to the king in the garden. I informed him I was, when he conducted me into a large room, in which were pages, footmen, and huſſars. My conductor then led me to a table well ſerved, and a cover for me. He preſented me with a chair, and ſaid, "The king has ordered you this dinner, and has bidden me to tell you to eat heartily, without taking notice of any one. I have alſo orders to attend you."

"I knew not what to think of all this; I was unwilling that the king's huſſar ſhould wait upon me, and I entreated him

him to ſit down by me; but finding that I could not perſuade him, I took my reſolution, and began my meal with a good appetite. After the deſert, the huſſar took what remained on the plates, wrapped them up in paper, and made me put them into my pocket.

"When my little cover was removed, I ſaw a ſecretary enter, who returned me my papers, with a letter addreſſed to the cuſtom-houſe, and who counted me down on the table five ducats and a louis-d'or, which the king gave me to take me back to Berlin. The ſecretary then conducted me to the door of the caſtle, where I ſaw a chariot and ſix horſes. He made me get into it, and then ſaid to the drivers, "The king orders you to conduct this young man to Berlin, and to take nothing of him, if he ſhould offer you money to drink." I thanked the ſecretary, and off I went.

"When we were arrived at Berlin, my firſt and moſt preſſing buſineſs was to carry my letter to the cuſtom-houſe officers,

who had treated me ſo uncivilly. The principal opened it, reddened, then grew pale, and ſaid not a word, but gave it to another, who put on his ſpectacles, read the letter, and gave it to a third, without pronouncing a ſingle word. At length, the third perſon told me to approach, and write a receipt, purporting, that I had received the money without any deduction, amounting to four hundred crowns of Bradenbourg ſpecie for my *batzes* of Thuringia. The ſum was counted out to me, and a ſervant was then called, who was ordered to follow me to the ſign of the Swan, the inn at which I had lodged, and there pay whatever I owed. They gave him twenty-four crowns for that purpoſe, ordering him to return for more ſhould he not find that ſufficient. Thus it was that the king returned me, as he had graciouſly promiſed, my money with intereſt."

A young

A young lady of Hohendorff, who was very lively and handſome, waited for the king at a place where he was to change horſes, and prayed him to procure her admiſſion into a convent. Frederick charmed with her vivacity and frankneſs, replied, "My dear, you are not fit for a nun; you muſt have a huſband!"—"I am but a poor girl, (ſaid ſhe) and no one comes to court me, becauſe I have no fortune."—"Oh! if that be all, (replied the king) I will ſettle that matter!" The king immediately aſked a provincial counſellor then preſent, if he were married; to which the counſellor replied that he was. He then repeated the promiſe he had made to the young lady, and ſhe returned home perfectly ſatisfied. Some time after, the king ſent her a thouſand crowns, accompanied with a letter, in which he aſſured her he would make her a more conſiderable preſent as ſoon as ſhe got herſelf a huſband, which ſhe ſoon did.

An

A poor officer's widow, who was very infirm, having implored the aſſiſtance of Frederick, he anſwered her: "I feel for your infirmities and poverty. Why did you not addreſs yourſelf ſooner to me? Indeed, there is no penſion vacant at preſent; but you muſt be taken care of, as your huſband was a brave man, whoſe loſs I ſincerely regret. I will every day retrench a diſh at my table, which will make a ſaving of three hundred and ſixty-five crowns; and that ſum, you may depend upon it, ſhall be paid to you the firſt of next month, and continued till a penſion ſhall be found for you; and I have given orders, that the firſt which ſhall become vacant, ſhall be given to you."

A colonel of the king's ſuit, who had a great many children, was obliged to contract debts. The king, ſeeing him one day very melancholy and penſive, ſaid to him, "You are always uneaſy: what

what is the matter with you? Among friends, there ſhould be no ſecrets." Then, without giving him time to reply, "I know (continued the king) that you owe two thouſand crowns." Frederick immediately turned towards a table that ſtood near him, and taking off it a purſe of louis, he gave them to the colonel, ſaying, "Take that to pay your debts." He then gave him another purſe; "and that (added he) will contribute to keep you out of debt in future."

A chaplain of a regiment was a great favourite of the king, who uſed to take a pleaſure in joking with him. Frederick one day met him, and aſked him where he had been. The chaplain replied, "To ſee a ſick man."—"Ah! my friend, (ſaid the king to him) do me the favour to go and viſit my horſe which is ſick."—"With all my heart!" replied the prieſt. He accordingly went to the ſtable, and aſked

aſked to ſee the horſe on which the king generally rode. The animal was brought to him, and he gave directions to the groom in what manner he was to treat him. After this he preſented to the clerk of the ſtables a bill, in which he made the king debtor to him in one hundred crowns, for a viſit paid to his majeſty's horſe, and for medical advice. The clerk ſent the bill to the king, who, knitting his brows, ſaid, "Good, for this time. Pay the bill; but henceforward I diſpenſe with his viſits." Thus the prieſt got the hundred crowns; but Frederick ſpoke no more to him afterwards.

Frederick conſidered diſcipline and ſubordination as a moſt eſſential matter in the conduct of an army. However ſenſible his feelings of humanity were, yet, in order to preſerve ſtrict diſcipline, he ſometimes acted with a degree of ſeverity, that would appear cruel in the eyes of

of many people. When he was once perſuaded of the neceſſity of a thing, and he had formed his plan, he ſtifled in his ſoul all thoſe emotions of tenderneſs which might ſtop their execution.

In the firſt war of Sileſia, the king being deſirous of making, in the night time, ſome alterations in his camp, forbid, under pain of death, to keep, after a certain hour, either fire or candle burning in the tents. He went round the camp himſelf, to ſee that his orders were obeyed; and, as he paſſed by Captain Zietern's camp, he perceived a light. He entered, and found the captain ſealing a letter, which he had juſt finiſhed, and was written to his wife, whom he tenderly loved. "What are you doing there? (ſaid the king) Do not you know the orders?" Zietern threw himſelf at his feet, and begged mercy, but he neither could nor attempted to deny his fault. "Sit down,

down, (ſaid the king to him) and add a few words which I ſhall dictate." The officer obeyed, and the king dictated: "To-morrow I ſhall periſh on a ſcaffold." Zietern wrote it, and he was executed the next day.

CHOICE SCRAPS.

PART THE SECOND.

ANCIENT ANECDOTES.

CYRUS.

WHEN Cyrus had attained the age of twelve years, his mother Mandane took him with her into Medea, to pay a visit to his grandfather Astyages. The many extraordinary accounts that king had received of the genius and vivacity of the young prince, had given him a strong inclination to see him. Cyrus

found the manners and cuſtoms of the Median court very different from thoſe of his own country; for, in the former, ſumptuous feaſts, and every ſpecies of luxury and magnificence, were the reigning principles. Cyrus charmed his grandfather by his innocent ſallies, which were replete with vivacity and wit, and captivated every heart by his noble and engaging manners.

Aſtyages, in order to inſpire his grandſon with the deſire of not returning to his own country, prepared a ſumptuous feaſt, in which all the ſtudied refinements of luxury were exhauſted. Cyrus viewed all this pomp and parade with an eye of indifference, and when Aſtyages appeared ſurpriſed at ſuch a conduct, "The Perſians (ſaid the young prince) inſtead of taking ſuch a round-about courſe to ſatisfy their hunger, arrive at the ſame end by a much ſhorter and direct road: a bit of bread, and a few creſſes, anſwer the ſame purpoſes."

His

His grandfather having given him leave to diſpoſe, according to his own inclinations, of the proviſions which had been ſerved up, he diſtributed them immediately to the king's officers; to one, becauſe he learned him to mount a horſe; to a ſecond, becauſe he ſerved Aſtyages properly; and to a third, becauſe he took great care of his mother. Sacas, the king's cup-bearer, was the only one to whom he did not give any thing.

This officer, beſides the charge of cup-bearer, had that of introducing to the king ſuch perſons as were to be admitted to an audience; and, as it was not poſſible for him to grant that favour to Cyrus ſo often as he aſked it, he had the misfortune to diſpleaſe the young prince, who took this opportunity of ſhewing his reſentment.

Aſtyages could not help feeling himſelf hurt on this occaſion, as it was an affront given to an officer, whom he particularly eſteemed, and who merited his notice, from his care and agility in per-

forming his office. "Is nothing more required, father, (anſwered Cyrus) to obtain your favour than gracefully handing the cup to you? If ſo, I ſhall ſoon obtain it, for you ſhall preſently ſee, that I can ſerve you better than he does." The little Cyrus was immediately equipped as a cupbearer; he advanced with a grave and ſerious air, his napkin being thrown over his ſhoulders, and holding the cup in a delicate manner. He preſented it to the king with a dexterity and grace that charmed Aſtyages and Mandane; and, when that was done, he threw his arms round his grandfather's neck, and kiſſing him, joyfully exclaimed, "O Sacas! poor Sacas! you are loſt; for I ſhall have your place!"

Aſtyages very tenderly careſſed him, and ſaid to him, "I am perfectly ſatisfied, my ſon, ſince no perſon could have ſerved me better; but you have omitted one eſſential part of the ceremony, which was to taſte the liquor." It was the cuſtom of every cup-bearer, to pour ſome of the

Cyrus acting the part of a Cup-bearer.

the liquor into his left hand, and to taſte it before he preſented the cup to the prince. "It was not through forgetfulneſs, (replied Cyrus) that I omitted that part of the buſineſs."—"From what cauſe then?" ſaid Aſtyages. "It was becauſe I apprehended that liquor was poiſon."—"Poiſon! (exclaimed Aſtyages) how can that be?"—"Yes, father, poiſon; for it is not long ſince, that you gave a grand entertainment to the great lords of your court, and I obſerved, that after they had drank a little of that liquor the heads of all the company were turned. One roared out, another ſung, and all talked an unintelligible jargon. Even you ſeemed to forget that you were king, and they, that they were your ſubjects. At laſt, when you attempted to dance, you could not ſupport yourſelf on your legs."—"What, (ſaid Aſtyages) has the ſame thing never happened to your father?—"Never, (replied Cyrus) for when we are dry, we drink, and when our thirſt is ſatisfied, we drink no more."

This is a uſeful leſſon to the riſing generation, and highly worthy of reflection and imitation.

Solon and Crœſus.

Crœſus, king of Lydia, having expreſſed an extraordinary inclination to ſee Solon, that philoſopher repaired to Sardis to pay him a viſit. The firſt time he was preſented, the king received him ſeated on his throne, and dreſſed on purpoſe in his moſt ſumptuous robes; but Solon appeared not the leaſt aſtoniſhed at the ſight of ſuch a glare of magnificence.

"My friend, (ſaid Crœſus to him) Fame has every where reported thy wiſdom. I know you have ſeen many countries; but have you ever ſeen a perſon dreſſed ſo magnificently as I am?"—"Yes, (replied Solon) the pheaſants and peacocks are dreſſed more magnificently, becauſe their brilliant apparel is the gift of

of nature, without their taking any thought or pains to adorn themſelves."

Such an unexpected anſwer very much ſurpriſed Crœſus, who ordered his officers to open all his treaſures, and ſhew them to Solon, as alſo all his rich furniture, and whatever was magnificent in his palace. He then ſent for him a ſecond time, and aſked him, if he had ever ſeen a man more happy than he was. "Yes, (replied Solon) and that man was Tellus, a citizen of Athens, who lived with an unblemiſhed character in a well-regulated republic. He left two children much reſpected, with a moderate fortune for their ſubſiſtence, and at laſt had the happineſs to die ſword in hand, after having obtained a victory for his country. The Athenians have erected a monument to his memory on the ſpot where he fell, and have otherwiſe paid him great honours."

Crœſus was no leſs aſtoniſhed at this than at the firſt anſwer, and began to think Solon was not perfectly right in his ſenſes. "Well, (continued Crœſus) who is

is the next happy man to Tellus?"—"There were formerly (replied Solon) two brothers, the one named Cleobis, and the other Byton. They were ſo robuſt, that they always obtained the prize in every ſort of combat, and perfectly loved each other. One feaſt day, when the prieſteſs of Juno, their mother, for whom they had the moſt tender affection, was to go to the temple to ſacrifice, the oxen that were to draw her thither did not come in time. Cleobis and Byton hereupon faſtened themſelves to her carriage, and in that manner drew her to the temple. All the matrons in raptures congratulated their mother on having brought two ſuch ſons into the world. Their mother, penetrated with emotions of the ſtrongeſt joy and gratitude, fervently prayed the goddeſs, that ſhe would beſtow on her ſons the beſt gift ſhe had to confer on mortals. Her prayers were heard; for, after the ſacrifice, the two ſons fell aſleep in the temple, and never afterwards awoke.

Thus

Thus they finiſhed their lives by a tranquil and peaceful death."

Crœſus could no longer conceal his rage. "What then, (ſaid he) do you not even place me among the number of happy people?"—"O king of the Lydians, (replied Solon) you poſſeſs great riches, and are maſter of a great multitude of people; but life is liable to ſo many changes, that we cannot preſume to decide on the felicity of any man, until he has finiſhed his mortal career."

The Chevalier Bayard.

The town of Breſſe having revolted againſt the French, who had been maſters of it ſince the battle of Aignadel, was attacked, taken, and ſacked, with an almoſt unexampled fury. The Chevalier Bayard, who was wounded at the beginning of the action, was carried to the houſe of a perſon of quality, whom he comforted

forted by his diſcourſe, and protected from the fury of the conquerors, by placing at the door two ſoldiers, whom he indemnified with a gift of eight hundred crowns, in lieu of the plunder they might loſe by their attendance at his door.

The impatience of Bayard to join the army, without conſidering the ſtate of his wound, which was by no means healed, determined him to depart. The miſtreſs of the houſe then threw herſelf at his knees, ſaying, "The rights of war make you maſter of our lives and our poſſeſſions, and you have ſaved our honour. We hope, however, from your accuſtomed generoſity, that you will not treat us with ſeverity, and that you will be pleaſed to content yourſelf with a preſent more adapted to our circumſtances than to our ſenſe of gratitude." At the ſame time ſhe preſented him with a ſmall box full of ducats.

Bayard, ſmiling, aſked her how many the box contained. "Two thouſand five hundred, my lord! (anſwered the lady trembling)

trembling) but if thoſe will not ſatisfy you, we will employ all our efforts to raiſe more."—"No, madam, (replied the Chevalier) I do not want money. The care you have taken of me more than amply repays the ſervices I have done you. I aſk nothing but your friendſhip, and I conjure you to accept of mine."

So ſingular a mark of moderation gave the lady more ſurpriſe than joy. She again threw herſelf at the feet of the Chevalier, and proteſted ſhe would never riſe till he had accepted of that mark of her gratitude. "Since you will have it ſo, (replied Bayard) I will not refuſe it; but may I not have the honour to ſalute your daughters?" As ſoon as they entered, he thanked them for their kindneſs in amuſing him with their company. "I ſhould be glad (ſaid he) to have it in my power to convince you of my gratitude; but we ſoldiers are ſeldom poſſeſſed of jewels worthy the acceptance of your ſex. Your amiable mother has preſented me with two thouſand five hundred ducats;

I make

I make a preſent to each of you of one thouſand for a part of your marriage portion. The remaining five hundred I give to the poor ſufferers of this town, and I beg you will take on yourſelves the diſtribution."

Panthea.

Among the priſoners of war, whom the army of Cyrus had taken after the defeat of the Aſſyrians, was a young princeſs of ſingular beauty, whom they reſerved for the king. Her name was Panthea, the wife of Abradates, king of Suſiana.

When Cyrus was informed of her beauty, he refuſed to ſee her, fearing, as he ſaid, leſt ſuch an object ſhould attach him cloſer than he wiſhed, and pervert him from the great deſigns he had formed. Araſpes, a young Median lord, who had the care of her, was not ſo apprehenſive of his own weakneſs, and aſ-

ſerted,

ſerted, that a man may, if he pleaſes, be always maſter of himſelf.

Cyrus gave him freſh advice, in recommitting to his cuſtody the care of that princeſs. "I have ſeen (ſaid he) many people, who were very confident of their own reſolutions, but have nevertheleſs fallen a victim, in ſpite of themſelves, to the violent paſſion of love, and have at laſt with ſhame and grief confeſſed, that love was a tyrant from whom they could not get free, and a bondage more difficult to be broken than the ſtrongeſt forged chains."—"Fear nothing from my conduct, (replied Araſpes) I am maſter of myſelf, and I promiſe you on my life, that I will do nothing contrary to my duty." His paſſion, however, lighted up by degrees for this young princeſs, till it gained ſuch an aſcendancy over him, that, finding her invincibly oppoſed to his deſires, he was on the point of forming a dangerous deſign againſt the princeſs. Panthea at laſt found means of communicating her danger to Cyrus, who

immediately ſent Artabaſus to bring Araſpes to him.

That officer ſpoke to Araſpes in the ſevereſt language, and reproached him for his fault in ſuch a manner as almoſt drove him to deſpair. His grief at length burſt forth in tears, and he remained motionleſs, loaded with ſhame and fear, and believing himſelf loſt. Cyrus ſoon afterwards ſent for him, when Araſpes approached him fearful and trembling. The king took him into a private apartment, and, inſtead of receiving the reproaches he expected, he ſpoke to him with clemency, acknowledging that he himſelf had done wrong, in having imprudently ſhut him up with ſo invincible an enemy.

Such unexpected kindneſs gave life and ſpeech to the young lord; confuſion, joy, and gratitude, were viſible in the tears that flowed in abundance down his cheeks. "Ah! I now ſee, (ſaid he) that I have two ſouls, one of which direct me to virtue, and the other to vice. The firſt triumphs

umphs when you come to my aſſiſtance, and give me advice; but I give way to the other, and am conquered when left to myſelf." He very amply made amends for his fault, and did conſiderable ſervice to Cyrus, by going over to the Aſſyrians as a ſpy, under pretence of having been ill-treated by Cyrus.

The loſs of ſo brave an officer (for it was ſuppoſed that he had deſerted to the enemy out of diſguſt) was regretted by the whole army. Panthea, who ſuppoſed herſelf the cauſe of this deſertion, promiſed Cyrus to replace him by another officer of no leſs merit; and this was her huſband Abradates. In fact, as ſoon as her huſband received her letter, he repaired to the Perſian camp with two thouſand horſe, and was immediately conducted to the tent of Panthea, who related to him, ſhedding at the ſame time a torrent of tears, with what kindneſs and wiſdom his generous conqueror had treated her. "And how (anſwered Abradates) ſhall I be able properly to acknowledge ſuch a

kindneſs?"—"In conducting yourſelf towards him, (replied Panthea) as he has towards me."

Abradates went immediately in ſearch of Cyrus, and kiſſed the hand of his generous benefactor. "You ſee before you (ſaid he) the moſt affectionate friend, the moſt devoted ſervant, the moſt faithful ally, that you have ever experienced, who, knowing no other way of teſtifying his gratitude, freely offers himſelf entirely to your ſervice." Cyrus received him with an air of nobleneſs and grandeur, and at the ſame time with ſuch kindneſs and civility, as gave him a ſufficient proof, that every thing Panthea had told him of the wonderful character of this prince, was far ſhort of what he merited.

Cyrus, ſoon after, made preparations for the famous battle of Thrymbœa, and gave the command of the armed chariots to that prince. As Abradates was going to put on his cuiraſs, which was only of quilted linen, according to the cuſtom of his

his nation, Panthea, his wife, came and preſented him with a helmet, braces and bracelets, all of pure gold, with a coat of armour ornamented with feathers. She had prepared this armour unknown to her huſband, in order to increaſe his ſurpriſe. In ſpite of all her efforts to conceal her emotions, as ſhe put on his armour, ſhe could not avoid dropping a tender tear; but, notwithſtanding her tenderneſs for her huſband, ſhe exhorted him rather to die ſword in hand, than not ſignalize himſelf in a manner ſuitable to his birth, and to thoſe ideas with which ſhe had endeavoured to inſpire Cyrus in his favour."—"O Jupiter! (exclaimed Abradates, in raiſing his eyes towards heaven) grant that I may on this occaſion appear worthy of being the huſband of Panthea, and of the friendſhip of ſo generous a benefactor!" Having thus ſpoken, he mounted his car. Panthea, finding him no longer within the reach of her embraces, even wiſhed to kiſs the chariot that carried him; and, after having purſued

ſued him as far as poſſible with her eyes, ſhe retired.

The battle commenced, and Abradates performed prodigies of valour; but unfortunately his chariot being overturned, he and his followers were ſlain. Judge what muſt be the ſituation of Panthea when news was brought her of the death of her huſband! Having cauſed his body to be brought to her, ſhe reclined her head on his knees, and ſtedfaſtly fixed on the ſorrowful object, ſhe determined there to feaſt her eyes with the diſmal and bloody ſpectacle, till death ſhould put a period to her grief.

Cyrus no ſooner heard of her ſituation, than he haſtened immediately to her, mixed his tears with thoſe of the unfortunate Panthea, did every thing he could to conſole her, and gave orders to bury the deceaſed prince with extraordinary honours. Scarcely was Cyrus retired, than Panthea, ſinking under the exceſs of grief, ſheathed a poinard in her boſom, and fell dead on her huſband. On the ſpot where this

this melancholy event happened, a ſumptuous monument was erected, which was preſerved for ſome ages.

The Revenge of a great Soul.

Demetrius Poliorcetes, who had done ſingular ſervices for the people of the city of Athens, on ſetting out for a war in which he was engaged, left his wife and children to their protection. He loſt the battle, and was obliged to ſeek ſecurity for his perſon in flight. He doubted not, at firſt, but that he ſhould find a ſafe aſylum among his good friends the Athenians; but thoſe ungrateful people refuſed to receive him, and even ſent back to him his wife and children, under pretence that they might probably not be ſafe in Athens, where the enemy might come and take them.

This conduct pierced the heart of Demetrius; for nothing is ſo affecting to an honeſt

honeſt mind, as the ingratitude of thoſe we love, and to whom we have done ſingular ſervices. Some time afterwards, this prince recovered his affairs, and came with a large army to lay ſiege to Athens. The Athenians, perſuaded that they had no pardon to expect from Demetrius, determined to die ſword in hand, and paſſed a decree, which condemned to death thoſe who ſhould firſt propoſe to ſurrender to that prince; but they did not recollect, that there was but little corn in the city, and that they would in a ſhort time be in want of bread.

Want ſoon made them ſenſible of their error, and, after having ſuffered hunger for a long time, the moſt reaſonable among them ſaid, "It would be better that Demetrius ſhould kill us at once, than for us to die by the lingering death of famine; perhaps he will have pity on our wives and children." They then opened to him the gates of the city.

Demetrius, having taken poſſeſſion of the city, ordered, that all the married men

men ſhould aſſemble in a ſpacious place appointed for the purpoſe, and that the ſoldiery, ſword in hand, ſhould ſurround them. Cries and lamentations were then heard from every quarter of the city, women embracing their huſbands, children their parents, and all taking an eternal farewel of each other.

When the married men were all thus collected, Demetrius, for whom an elevated ſituation was provided, reproached them for their ingratitude in the moſt feeling manner, inſomuch that he himſelf could not help ſhedding tears. Demetrius for ſome time remained ſilent, while the Athenians expected, that the next words he uttered would be to order his ſoldiers to maſſacre them all.

It is hardly poſſible to ſay what muſt have been their ſurpriſe, when they heard that good prince ſay, "I wiſh to convince you how ungenerouſly you have treated me; for it was not to an enemy you have refuſed aſſiſtance, but to a prince who loved you, who ſtill loves you, and who

who wiſhes to revenge himſelf only by granting your pardon, and by being ſtill your friend. Return to your own homes; while you have been here, my ſoldiers have been filling your houſes with proviſions."

Bias the Philoſopher.

Some pirates, being one day cruizing near Meſſina, in the Peloponneſus, took ſeveral young girls, whom they carried to Priena for ſale. Bias bought them, took them home with him, and treated them as his own children; he made preſents to them all, and ſent them back to their parents. This action acquired him ſo much reputation, that numbers of people called him the Prince of Philoſophers.

Solon

Solon and Thales.

Solon, being on a viſit to the philoſopher Thales at Miletus, the firſt thing he ſaid to him was, that he was aſtoniſhed he had never thought of marrying and having children. Thales made no immediate reply; but, ſome days afterwards, bribed a ſtranger to ſay that he was come from Athens, and had left it not more than ten days.

Solon firſt aſked him, if he had heard any news at the time of his leaving Athens. The ſtranger, who had been properly taught his leſſon, replied, that he knew of nothing particular, except the death of a young man, whoſe funeral was accompanied by all the city; becauſe, as they ſaid, he was the ſon of a great perſonage, and the moſt honeſt citizen, and who had been a long time abſent from home.

"Ah! (interrupted Solon) how unfortunate muſt be that poor father! But, what was his name?"—"I have heard it very

very often, (replied the ſtranger) but his name has at preſent eſcaped me. I only remember, that they ſpoke of nothing but of his juſtice and wiſdom." Thus every anſwer increaſed the fears of Solon, who began to be exceedingly uneaſy. At laſt he mentioned his own name to the ſtranger, and aſked him if the deceaſed youth was not the ſon of Solon. The ſtranger having replied, "That was his name." Solon began to beat his head, and to do and ſay all thoſe extravagant things, which deſpair is accuſtomed to inſpire.

Thales then took him by the hand, and burſting out into a laughter, ſaid to him, "Solon, what has prevented me from marrying and having children is what has juſt happened to you, and has made you ſo wretched, though you are ſo great a philoſopher, and ſo valiant a champion; but conſole yourſelf, for the news you have juſt now heard has no foundation in truth."

Alcibiades

Alcibiades and Socrates.

Alcibiades, one day boaſting of his riches, and the great extent of his poſſeſſions, Socrates led him to a geographical chart, and aſked him in what part Attica was placed. It took up but a ſmall ſpot in the map, and little more than a point. Socrates then deſired him to ſhew him all his vaſt poſſeſſions on that map; but he replied, "They are too ſmall to be placed in a general map."—"See, then, (remarked Socrates) what you make ſuch a boaſt of, and in what you pride yourſelf ſo much, is but an imperceptible point of earth."

The Virtuous Heroine.

The duke of Anjou, brother of Henry the Third, going into the Low Countries to the aſſiſtance of the Confederates a-

gainſt the Spaniards, had in his army one Capt. Pont, who had his quarters in the village of Becourt, at the houſe of a rich farmer, whoſe name was John Millet, and who had three fine daughters. The oldeſt, to whom the management of the houſe was entruſted, paid great attention to the captain, and at the ſame time acted with prudent precaution.

The captain, after ſome days, began to be attracted by thoſe charms which were ſo conſtantly preſented to his view. Being determined to ſatisfy his paſſion, and wiſhing to haſten that moment, he invited the father and daughter to ſup with him. In the midſt of the repaſt, in a tone of voice that ſhewed no tokens of ſincerity, he demanded her in marriage. Her father, who wanted neither ſenſe nor ſpirit, immediately underſtood what he meant, and honeſtly refuſed his conſent, pretending, as an excuſe, the inequality of their conditions. Pont immediately flew into a rage, tumbled him headlong out of the parlour, in which they were

eating

eating, but retained his daughter, who in vain endeavoured to make her eſcape. Delicacy here obliges us to ſuppreſs a relation of the horrible ſcene that afterwards paſſed. We can only ſay, that after having ſatisfied his own brutality, and given her as a prey to the ſubaltern officers, who came to ſecond him in this baſe tranſaction, they obliged her to ſit down at table with them.

This amiable but unfortunate girl, who was only ſixteen years old, poſſeſſed an underſtanding far ſuperior to her age, and had alſo a heart greater than her condition. She conceived, that, in the preſent inſtance, it would be ineffectual to lament her misfortune by tears; but determined to watch the moment to revenge the outrages ſhe had received. She diſſembled her reſentment, and ſeemed to liſten with content to the infamous language they addreſſed to her. It was not long before a favourable opportunity offered; for, the captain being turned towards one of his companions to whiſper him in the ear,

ſhe pierced him to the heart with a knife. She then overturned the table, got out of the room, while they were giving aſſiſtance to the captain, and ran to her father, relating to him every thing that had juſt paſſed, and earneſtly exhorted him to make his eſcape, with all poſſible ſpeed, and ſave himſelf and her two ſiſters.

As for herſelf, life was become too great a burden to her, to ſuffer her to think of making uſe of the favourable opportunity that offered of making her eſcape. She waited with indifference the puniſhment that threatened her from the hands of her raviſhers, who tied her to a tree, and killed her by the fire of their muſkets. This heroic girl, before ſhe expired, thus addreſſed her aſſaſſins: "Fire, barbarians! After the marks I bear of your brutality, which have made life odious to me, I receive from your hands as a preſent, the death your muſkets will afford me. Heaven, who has juſt now revenged my honour by the loſs of your chief,

chief, will not ſuffer this laſt act of horror to paſs with impunity."

The event juſtified her prediction. The father, worthy of ſuch a daughter, animated the neighbouring peaſants to reſentment. Every one flew to arms, they exterminated the aſſaſſins, and, as on theſe occaſions the ſlow voice of Reaſon and Juſtice is never liſtened to, not a Frenchman in the whole village was ſpared.

Caſimir, King of Poland.

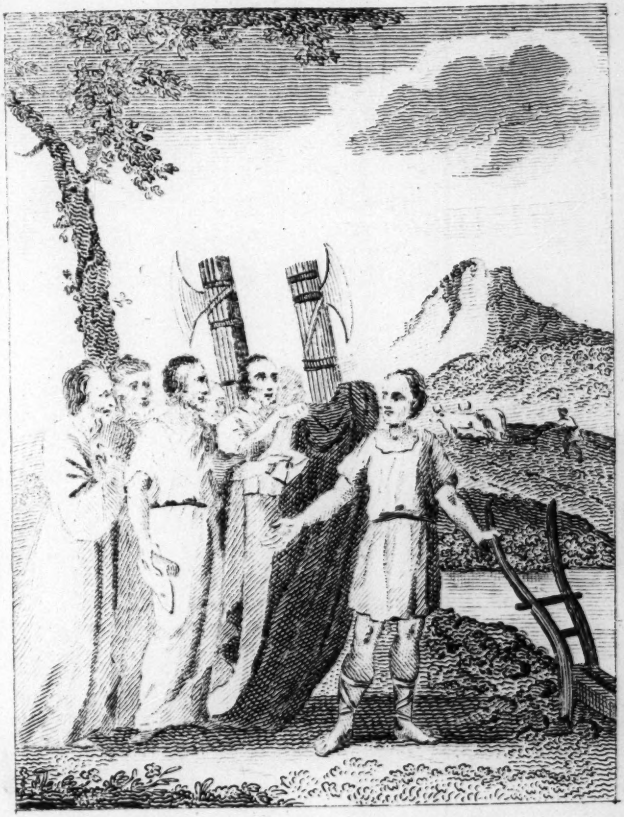
Caſimir the Second, playing at ſome game with one of his gentlemen, of whom he won all his money, received from him a box on the ear. The gentleman was condemned to loſe his head; but Caſimir revoked the ſentence, ſaying, "I am not ſurpriſed at the conduct of this gentleman. Not being able to revenge himſelf on Fortune, it is not to be wondered at that he has ill-treated his friend. I am

the only one to blame in this affair; for I ought not, by my example, to encourage a pernicious practice, which may be the ruin of the nobility."

Quintus Cincinnatus.

This worthy citizen being elected conſul of Rome, the ſenate ſent deputies to him to invite him to come and take poſſeſſion of the magiſtracy. He was then at work in his field, and, being his own ploughman, he was dreſſed in a manner ſuitable to that profeſſion. When he ſaw the deputies coming towards him, he ſtopped his oxen, very much ſurpriſed at ſeeing ſuch a number of perſons, and not knowing what they could want with him.

One of the company approached him, and requeſted him to put on a more ſuitable dreſs. He went into his hut, and having put on other clothes, he preſented himſelf to thoſe who were waiting for him



Cincinnatus receiving the Roman Deputies

him without doors. They immediately ſaluted him *Conſul*, inveſted him with the purple robe, the lictors ranged themſelves before him ready to obey his orders, and they begged him to follow them to Rome. Troubled at this ſight, he for ſome time ſhed tears in ſilence. At laſt, recovering himſelf, he ſaid only theſe words, "My field will not be ſown this year!" and then repaired to Rome.

The magnanimous Soldier.

When the great Condé commanded the Spaniſh army in Flanders, and laid ſiege to a French fortreſs, a ſoldier, having received ill-treatment from a general officer, by being ſeverely caned for ſome trifling words that had eſcaped him, ſaid, he very well knew how to make him repent it.

About a fortnight afterwards, the ſame general officer ordered the colonel of the trenches

trenches to procure him from his regiment a bold and intrepid man, who would undertake a deſperate buſineſs, and who ſhould be rewarded with an hundred piſtoles, if he ſucceeded.

The above-mentioned ſoldier, who was conſidered as the braveſt in the regiment, offered himſelf; and, having taken with him thirty of his comrades, of whom the choice was left to himſelf, he fulfilled his commiſſion, which was of a very hazardous nature, with incredible courage and ſucceſs. The general wiſhed to know, before he attempted an aſſault, whether the enemy had dug mines under the glacis.

The ſoldier, in the duſk of the evening, having got into the enemy's covered way, brought off the hat and tools of a miner, whom he had killed. On his return, the general officer, after having much applauded his bravery, ordered him immediately the hundred piſtoles he had promiſed him. The ſoldier inſtantly diſtributed them among his comrades, ſaying

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ing, that he did not ſerve for money, and that, if what he had juſt done merited any recompenſe, he wiſhed to be made an officer. He concluded with thus addreſſing himſelf to the general officer, who did not at firſt recollect him: "I am the ſoldier whom you ſo ſeverely treated about a fortnight ſince, when I told you I would make you repent of it." The general officer, ſtruck with admiration, and ſoftened even to tears, embraced him, made an excuſe for his conduct, and the ſame day preſented him with a commiſſion.

Scipio Africanus.

Scipio Africanus having taken the city of Carthagena in Spain by aſſault, a great number of priſoners of both ſexes were taken. On this occaſion the ſoldiers brought to the conqueror a young lady of ſuch accompliſhed beauty, that ſhe attracted the notice of every one. He deſired

ſired to know who ſhe was, and to whom ſhe belonged; and having learned among other things, that ſhe was upon the point of being married to Allucius, prince of the Celtiberians, he ſent for him and the parents of the young lady.

As he had been told, that Allucius was doatingly fond of her, that Spaniſh lord no ſooner appeared in his preſence, than, before he ſpoke to either the father or the mother of the fair priſoner, he firſt addreſſed himſelf to the prince in particular; and, in order to calm every inquietude he might have on account of his lovely Spaniard, he thus addreſſed him: "We are both of us young, and on that account I can ſpeak to you with more freedom. Thoſe who brought me your intended ſpouſe, at the ſame time told me, that you doatingly loved her, and her beauty leaves me no room to doubt of it. Reflecting within myſelf, that if I, like you, ſhould form ſuch an engagement, and that I were not employed in the affairs of my country, I ſhould wiſh every one to favour

vour ſo honeſt and legitimate a paſſion. I find myſelf happy, in being able on the preſent occaſion, to render you a ſimilar ſervice. The lady you intend to marry has been among us in as much ſecurity as if ſhe had been in the houſe of her father and mother. I have reſerved her for you, as a preſent worthy of your acceptance, and of my giving. The only recompenſe I expect in return for this gift is, that you will be the friend of the Roman people; and if you judge me an honeſt man, ſuch as my father and uncle have made themſelves appear to the people of this very province, be aſſured there are many in Rome who reſemble us; and that there are no people in the univerſe, whom you ought more to fear as an enemy, nor wiſh more to have for a friend."

Allucius, penetrated with gratitude and joy, kiſſed the hands of Scipio, and prayed the gods to recompenſe ſo generous a benefactor, ſince it was not in his power to do ſo much as he wiſhed, nor what

what his kindneſs merited. Scipio then ſent for the parents and relations of the young lady. They had brought with them a large ſum of money to ranſom her; but, when they found he had reſtored her without ranſom, they earneſtly conjured him to receive that ſum from them as a preſent, and declared, that by granting them that additional favour and indulgence, he would complete the meaſure of their joy and gratitude. Scipio could not reſiſt their ſtrong and fervent entreaties; he told them he would accept the gift, and bid them lay it at his feet. Then addreſſing himſelf to Allucius, "I add, (ſaid he) to the portion you ought to receive from your father-in-law this ſum, which I beg you will accept of as a nuptial preſent."

This young prince, charmed with the liberality and politeneſs of Scipio, publiſhed in every part of his own country the praiſes of ſo generous a conqueror. He wrote, in the tranſports of his gratitude, "There is come into Spain a young hero

hero who reſembles the gods; who every where conquers leſs by the force of his arms, than by the charms of his virtues and the extenſion of his benevolence." He then raiſed levies in the countries under his juriſdiction, and returned to Scipio, ſome little time afterwards, with a corps of fourteen hundred cavalry.

Allucius, in order to perpetuate his gratitude to the Roman general, engraved this illuſtrious action on a ſilver ſhield, of which he made Scipio a preſent—a preſent infinitely more glorious to him than riches or triumphs. This ſhield, which Scipio carried with him on his return to Rome, was loſt in a veſſel, which periſhed in the Rhone, with a part of his baggage. It remained in the river till the year 1665, when ſome fiſhermen found it. It is at this day in the French king's cabinet.

The diſintereſted Hero.

The Chevalier Bayard was informed by ſpies, that the great Capt. Gonſalvo de Cordova, who commanded the Spaniards in the kingdom of Naples, was in expectation of receiving ſome conſiderable ſums for the pay of his troops. As the treaſure could not reach the place of its deſtination but by one of two narrow paſſes, the chevalier and twenty of his men lay in ambuſcade in one of them, and placed Tardieu with twenty-five men in the other.

Chance happened to lead the Spaniards through the paſs in which Bayard lay in ambuſh, when he fell upon them ſword in hand, who, without conſidering by what a ſmall number they were attacked, were ſo frightened that they precipitately fled, and left the treaſure behind them. The cheſts were carried to a neighbouring

ing village, and on being opened, and the contents counted on a large table, they found themſelves in poſſeſſion of fifteen thouſand ducats.

Tardieu arrived at this inſtant, and viewing the mountain of gold with greedy eyes, he ſaid that one half of it belonged to him, as he had a ſhare in the enterpriſe. "I agree, (replied the Chevalier, who was not pleaſed with Tardieu's tone of voice) that you had a ſhare in the enterpriſe; but you was not at the taking of the money. Beſides, being under my orders, your right is ſubordinate to my pleaſure." Tardieu, forgetting what he owed to his benefactor and chief, went immediately to complain to the general.

Every one was ſurpriſed to ſee a friend of the Chevalier accuſe him of injuſtice and avarice—a man, whom even his enemies extolled for his juſtice and generoſity. The matter was heard, and Tardieu was cenſured for his conduct: indeed, he was aſhamed of what he had done. "I am more unhappy (ſaid he to

Bayard) for thus proceeding againſt you, than I am for the loſs of what I attempted to gain. How could I be unhappy on ſeeing you rich? Did I not know that your fortune is always an advantage to your friends, and has been ſo to me in particular?"

The Chevalier ſmiling, embraced him, and a ſecond time counted over the ducats in his preſence. Tardieu was not maſter of his tranſports on the ſight of ſo much money. "Ah! you enchanting pieces! (cried he) but you are not my property! Had I but one half of you, I ſhould be happy all the reſt of my life!" —"God forbid, (ſaid Bayard) that for ſo ſmall a matter I ſhould make a brave gentleman unhappy! Take half the ſum. With joy I voluntarily give you that, which you ſhould never have extorted from me by force." The Chevalier then aſſembled the garriſon, and diſtributed the other half among them.

The Spaniſh treaſurer, who was taken in company with the convoy, and in whoſe

whoſe preſence all this paſſed, could not but admire ſo much diſintereſtedneſs; but he feared that the conqueror, after having given every thing away, would reſerve to himſelf the price of his ranſom, and would make him pay extravagantly. Bayard, who perceived his inquietude, ſoon relieved his mind. "My trade, as a man of war, (ſaid he to him) obliged me to take you. I will not pretend to diſſemble, but tell you that I am happy on the occaſion, ſince that ſucceſs has enabled me to be of ſervice to my companions, and that what I took from you belonged to your maſter, who is the enemy of mine. As to every thing regarding yourſelf, I releaſe you with joy, you are at liberty, and may depart as ſoon as you pleaſe." At the ſame time he ordered a trumpet to attend him to the enemy's quarters.

The Triumph of Gratitude.

Lewis the Fourteenth, who had once bombarded Algiers, ordered the Marquis de Queſne to bombard it a ſecond time, in order to puniſh their infidelity and inſolence. The deſpair in which the corſairs found themſelves of not being able to beat the fleet off their coaſts, which did them ſo much miſchief, cauſed them to bring all the French ſlaves, and faſtening them to the mouths of their cannon, the different limbs of their bodies were blown even among the French fleet.

An Algerine captain, who had been taken on his cruize, and very well treated by the French all the time he had been their priſoner, one day perceived, among thoſe unfortunate Frenchmen who were doomed to the cruel fate juſt mentioned, an officer named Choiſeul, from whom he had received the moſt ſingular kindneſſes. The Algerine immediately begged,

ged, entreated, and ſolicited in the moſt preſſing manner, to ſave the life of that generous Frenchman; but all was to no purpoſe. At laſt, when they were going to fire the cannon, to which Choiſeul was fixed, the captain threw himſelf on the body of his friend, and cloſely embracing him in his arms, ſaid to the cannonier, "Fire! ſince I cannot ſerve my benefactor, I will at leaſt have the conſolation to die with him." The dey, in whoſe preſence this ſcene paſſed, was ſo affected with it, barbarous and ſavage as he was by nature, that he now readily granted that from dictates of humanity, which he had juſt before refuſed with ſo much ſavage ferocity.

Demetrius and Antiphilus.

Demetrius of Sunion had been brought up from his infancy with Antiphilus, and travelled with him into Egypt, in order

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to learn the Cynic philoſophy; but the deſign of Antiphilus was there to ſtudy phyſic.

Demetrius went to ſee the antiquities of the country, and ſpent ſix months in the navigation of the Nile, having left at his lodgings his companion, who could not endure the heats and other inconveniences of the voyage. During the abſence of Demetrius, an accident happened to Antiphilus, which made him regret the abſence of his friend. One of his ſlaves aſſociated himſelf with ſome thieves to pillage the temple of Anubis, from whence they ſtole the ſtatue of the god, with other things, and concealed them under a bed in Antiphilus's lodgings.

The thieves being taken, as they were ſelling ſome part of their booty, on being put to the torture, they confeſſed every thing: ſo that they firſt arreſted the ſlave, and afterwards the maſter, who was then at the public ſchools, after having found the booty in his lodgings. The heinouſneſs of the crime prevented any

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one aſſiſting him, as all were ſhocked at the idea of ſacrilege.

His two other ſlaves carried off every thing that belonged to him, while he lay in priſon abandoned by all the world, and tormented by his jailor, who thought he was doing ſervice to the gods in ill-treating him, and who would not even liſten to him when he attempted to juſtify himſelf. He ſoon fell ill under the load of grief and miſery; for he lay upon the earth, without being able to extend his limbs or get any ſleep, being faſtened at night to a block; and in the day-time, he had one hand tied to an iron ring.

The rattling of the chains allowed him as little repoſe by day as the night afforded him, there being ſhut up with him many criminals in the ſame ſtinking dungeon, in which he breathed with difficulty. In this terrible ſituation, inſupportable even to the moſt robuſt, and ſtill leſs ſo to a young man who had been brought up in the tendereſt manner, he gradually declined,

declined, and at laſt totally loſt his appetite.

Demetrius, who knew nothing of the affair till his arrival, no ſooner was informed of the melancholy news, than he haſtily ran to the priſon, where they would not give him admittance, becauſe the jailor was gone to reſt, and the guards had taken their poſt. He was therefore obliged to wait till the next day, and even then it was with ſome difficulty he found admittance, and had no leſs difficulty to recognize his friend, who was ſo much diſfigured. After having ſought for him a long time, as we ſeek a man among the dead after the day of battle, he would not have found him, had he not bethought himſelf of calling for him aloud by his name. Upon his anſwering, Demetrius knew his voice, and having turned his diſhevelled hair from his forehead which it covered, he fainted at the ſight, and Antiphilus likewiſe fell into a ſwoon.

Demetrius firſt recovering, did what he could to reſtore his companion to his ſenſes,

ſenſes, and gave him his cloak to ſupply the place of thoſe wretched rags that only half covered him. The greater part of his effects having been carried off by the ſlaves of Antiphilus, he found himſelf now without reſource, and as he had neither credit, nor money, having ſpent all he had with him in his tour, he engaged himſelf at the port to carry merchandize as a porter, and, after having worked all the morning, he took all he had earned to his friend, of which he gave one part to the jailor, and with the other he and his friend regaled themſelves. At night, Demetrius was obliged to retire, and ſleep at the door, upon a little bed made of leaves and branches; for he was not ſuffered to ſleep in the priſon.

Thus they lived for ſome time, till one of the priſoners dying with poiſon, as was ſuppoſed, no perſon was afterwards ſuffered to enter the priſon. Demetrius, however, who could not think of quitting his friend, went, through deſpair, and impeached himſelf as an accomplice in the

the ſacrilege. He was accordingly ſent to the ſame priſon; but it was with ſome difficulty he perſuaded the jailor to admit him into the ſame dungeon with his friend. However, they endeavoured to ſoften their calamities by converſation, and each ſeemed to take more care of the health of his companion than of his own, particularly Demetrius, who, being taken ill, endeavoured to do every thing poſſible to conſole Antiphilus.

In the mean time, an accident happened, which reſtored them to liberty, at a time when they had no reaſon to expect it. One of the priſoners having obtained a file, got off his irons, and fled with the reſt of the priſoners, after having killed the guard; but the greater part of them were taken wandering about in different places. The two friends, however, remained in priſon, chuſing rather to die, than to obtain their liberty by means worſe than death. The governor of Egypt, having heard this news, ſet both of them at liberty, after permitting them

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Regulus haranguing the Roman Senate.

to prove their innocence; but, ſurpriſed at ſo much virtue, he gave ten thouſand drachms to Antiphilus, and double that ſum to Demetrius, who retired to India, and left every thing to his companion.

Regulus.

Regulus being defeated and taken priſoner by the Carthaginians, was treated with great ſeverity, and uſed rather as a criminal than as a priſoner of war. They loaded him with chains, and ſhut him up in a dungeon, where he remained four years.

He would in all probability have there periſhed, had not the Carthaginians loſt ſeveral battles both by ſea and land, which induced them to take Regulus from his dungeon, to ſend him to Rome to negociate a peace, or at leaſt to treat for the exchange of priſoners. The Carthaginian magiſtrates, before they ſuffered

him to embark, made him promiſe on his word, that if he could obtain nothing from the Romans, he would return to Carthage, and be again loaded with chains. They even hinted to him, that his life depended on the ſucceſs of his negociation.

The Carthaginians did not doubt but the ſenate would make peace, or at leaſt agree to an exchange of priſoners; they ſuppoſed, that the Romans would not fail to purchaſe the freedom and ſafety of ſuch a citizen as Regulus at any price; but the greateſt obſtacle to the concluſion of that treaty was the very man they ſent to negociate it.

Regulus being arrived at Rome, adviſed the ſenate to continue the war, aſſuring them, that firmneſs on their ſide would ſoon reduce the Carthaginians to ſubmit to what terms they pleaſed. That, with reſpect to the exchange of priſoners, every advantage would be on the ſide of the enemy, whoſe principal officers and beſt ſoldiers were captives in Rome; whereas

whereas the Carthaginians had but few Roman priſoners, who were advanced in age, or otherwiſe incapable of any ſervice. In ſhort, this generous Roman ſpoke with ſo much force, though contrary to his own preſervation, that he induced the ſenate to determine on the continuation of the war, and make no exchange of priſoners.

Having thus far obtained his wiſh, he returned on board the Carthaginian ſhip, without ever entering his own houſe, to ſee either his wife or children, for fear that their tears ſhould induce him to break his word. On his return to Carthage, he was there put to death in the moſt cruel manner.

Peter the Great.

The Ruſſians having taken by aſſault the city of Narva, which was defended by the Swedes under Gen. Horne, were every

where ſpreading fire and devaſtation, and maſſacreing the inhabitants, contrary to the expreſs orders of Peter the Great, who, ſword in hand, ruſhed in among the midſt of them, and reſcued ſeveral women and children from the hands of the murdering ſoldiers. Peter himſelf killed more than fifty of thoſe ſavage ſoldiers, whom the intoxication of carnage had rendered deaf to his orders. At laſt, he found means to put a curb to their fury, and collected the diſperſed ſoldiers.

The conqueror, covered with duſt ſweat, and blood, repaired to the town-hall, where the principal inhabitants had taken refuge. His menacing and terrible aſpect frightened the people; on entering the room, he put his ſword on the table, and addreſſing himſelf to the aſtoniſhed multitude, who waited in ſilence the deciſion of their fate, "Make yourſelves eaſy, (ſaid he) it is not the blood of your citizens, with which my ſword is ſtained, but that of Ruſſians, whom I have ſacrificed to your ſafety."

Alexander

Alexander and Diogenes.

Alexander the Great, paſſing through Corinth, had the curioſity to go to ſee the philoſopher Diogenes, who was there at that time. He found him ſeated in a covered tub*, with the open part turned towards the ſun. "I am the great king Alexander," ſaid he to the philoſopher. —"And I am the dog Diogenes," replied the philoſopher.—"I am a good man," ſaid Alexander.—"Well, who has any reaſon to fear the good?" replied Diogenes. Alexander admired the ſubtility of his mind, and the free manner in which he ſpoke. After having ſome time converſed with him, he ſaid to him: "I ſee, Diogenes, that you are in want of many things: I ſhall be very glad to give you my aſſiſtance. Aſk of me whatever you pleaſe."—"Get then from between me and the ſun, (ſaid he) and do not take from me that which you cannot give me."

* The tub of Diogenes was ſomething like what is called a *ſulkey*, and is placed in the gardens belonging to many gentlemens country houſes.

Alexander was aſtoniſhed, and having ever before met with any man who was above all human concerns. "Who is the richer man, (continued Diogenes) he who is contented with his cloak and his wallet, or he, who having an extenſive kingdom, is not ſatisfied, and who every day expoſes himſelf to a thouſand dangers to extend its limits?" Alexander's courtiers were very angry, that ſo great a king ſhould ſo long honour with his converſation ſuch a ſurly wretch as Diogenes, who did not even riſe from his ſeat while he ſpoke to him. The king perceived their anger, and turning about ſaid to them, "If I were not Alexander, I would wiſh to be Diogenes!"

General Dorfling.

The celebrated Dorfling, general of the Elector Frederick William of Brandenbourg, was originally a taylor. On coming

coming out of his apprenticeſhip, he had the ambition to wiſh to travel to Berlin. As he was obliged to paſs the Elbe in a boat, and had no money to pay the expence, the paſſage was refuſed him. Stung with this affront, he diſdained a trade that ſo narrowed his circumſtances, and, throwing his wallet into the river, he enliſted himſelf for a ſoldier.

In that capacity he made rapid advances: he ſoon gained the eſteem of his comrades, afterwards of his officers, and laſtly of the Elector his maſter. That great prince, who loved war, who had made himſelf a proficient in that ſcience, and who was compelled to ſtudy it, rapidly advanced a man, who, to great military knowledge, added all the virtues of a citizen.

Dorfling was, after ſome time, promoted to the rank of a field-marſhal, and in that capacity filled every idea that could be formed of a man, who, from a common ſoldier roſe by his merit to be a general. A fortune ſo extraordinary excited

cited the jealouſy of thoſe, who had not thoſe abilities to recommend them to public notice. Some even condeſcended ſo low as to ſay, that though Dorfling was become a great man, he had not loſt the air of his original profeſſion. "Yes, (replied he to thoſe who thus bantered him) it is true, that I have been a taylor, and have cut out cloth; but now (continued he, putting his hand on the guard of his ſword) I uſe this inſtrument, with which I will cut off the ears of thoſe who ſhall dare to ſpeak ill of me."

The Triumph of Virtue.

A merchant of Provence, of a moſt amiable character, but of narrow circumſtances, met with ſome conſiderable loſſes in trade, and became a bankrupt. Being reduced to penury and want, he went to Paris to ſeek ſome aſſiſtance. He waited on all his old cuſtomers in trade, repreſented

ſented to them his misfortunes, which he had taken every method to avoid, and begged them to enable him to purſue his buſineſs, aſſuring thoſe to whom he was indebted, that his only wiſh was to be in a condition to pay them, and that he ſhould die contentedly could he but accompliſh that wiſh. Every one he had applied to felt for his misfortunes, and promiſed to aſſiſt him, excepting one, to whom he owed a thouſand crowns, and who, inſtead of pitying his misfortunes, threw him into priſon.

The unfortunate merchant's ſon, who was about twenty-two years of age, being informed of the ſorrowful ſituation of his father, haſtened to Paris, threw himſelf at the feet of the unrelenting creditor, and, drowned in tears, beſought him, in the moſt affecting expreſſions, to condeſcend to reſtore him his father, proteſting to him, that if he would not throw obſtacles in the way to his father's re-eſtabliſhing his affairs, of the poſſibility of which they had great reaſon to hope, he

ſhould

ſhould be the firſt paid. He implored him to have pity on his youth, and to have ſome feelings for the misfortunes of an aged mother, encumbered with eight children, reduced to want, and nearly on the point of periſhing. Laſtly, that if theſe conſiderations were not capable of moving him to pity, he intreated him, at leaſt to permit him to be confined in priſon inſtead of his father, in order that he might be reſtored to his family.

The youth uttered theſe expreſſions in ſo affecting a manner, that the creditor, ſtruck with ſo much virtue and generoſity, at once ſoftened into tears, and raiſing the youth from his humble poſture, "Ah! my ſon, (ſaid he) your father ſhall be releaſed. So much love and reſpect which you have ſhewn for him makes me aſhamed of myſelf. I have carried this matter too far; but I will endeavour for ever to efface the remembrance of it from your mind. I have an only daughter, who is worthy of you: ſhe would do as much for me, as you have done for your

your father. I will give her you, and with her all my fortune. Accept the offer I make you, and let us haſten to your father to releaſe him, and aſk his conſent."

The African and Spaniard.

The generality of the Maures, who form a part of the inhabitants of ſome towns in Africa, derived their extraction from the unfortunate convicts, who were at different times driven from Spain, and it was an almoſt univerſal opinion among thoſe barbarians, that the moſt agreeable ſacrifice they could make to God was to kill a Chriſtian. Ali Pelegrini, one of their generals, having one day come on ſhore with ſome Spaniſh priſoners, after a bloody conteſt, one of theſe Africans approached Ali, and threw himſelf at his feet. "My lord, (ſaid he to him) you are very happy in having killed ſo many Chriſtians,

Chriſtians, and have ſtill an opportunity of every day killing more. You will be covered with glory in paradiſe. As for me, I have never had that ſatisfaction; but it is in your power to abandon one of theſe miſerable wretches to me, that I may ſacrifice him to God." Ali ſeemed to conſent to his requeſt, and ſhewing a young and robuſt Spaniard to the African, told the latter he might go into the wood, where he would find his prey. At the ſame time, he ordered the ſlave to go into the wood, giving him permiſſion to defend himſelf, if he were attacked.

The Spaniard, having armed himſelf with a ſabre and muſket, boldly entered the wood; but his enemy, ſeeing him armed, took to flight, and returned to the general, to whom he confeſſed, that his fear had prevented him executing his project. Ali then ſaid to him, in a ſevere tone: "Learn from hence, thou miſerable wretch, that the death of a Chriſtian is not agreeable either to the Supreme Being, or to his Prophet, but when

when they are bravely killed in war; and that there is no merit in the eyes of either God or man, to maſſacre people, who are not in a condition to defend themſelves." The African retired loaded with confuſion, and all the Turks applauded the generous ſentiments of their chief.

The grateful Soldier.

The Marſhal D'Armont, having taken Crodon in Bretagne, during the League, gave orders to put every Spaniard to the ſword, who was found in that garriſon. Though it was announced death to diſobey the orders of the general, an Engliſh ſoldier ventured to ſave a Spaniard. The Engliſhman was arraigned for this offence before a court-martial, where he confeſſed the fact, and declared himſelf ready to ſuffer death, provided they would ſpare the life of the Spaniard. The marſhal, being much ſurprized at ſuch a con-

duct, aſked the ſoldier, how he came to be ſo much intereſted in the preſervation of the Spaniard. "Becauſe, Sir, replied he) in a ſimilar ſituation, he once ſaved my life." The marſhal, highly pleaſed with the goodneſs of the ſoldier's heart, granted him pardon, ſaved the Spaniard's life, and highly extolled them both.

The beneficent Monarch.

The Emperor Cam-hi being one day a hunting, and having wandered from his company, met a poor old man weeping moſt bitterly, and who appeared uncommonly afflicted. He approached him, and feeling for his condition, without making himſelf known, aſked him what was the matter with him. "What is the matter with me! (replied the old man) Alas! Sir, when I ſhall have told you, you will find it out of your power to relieve

lieve me."—"Perhaps, good man, (replied the emperor) I can be of more ſervice to you than you are aware of. Let me know what it is that afflicts you."—"Since you wiſh to know it, (anſwered the old man) I muſt tell you that a governor of one of the emperor's country houſes took a liking to mine, which is near the royal manſion, and ſuitable to his convenience. He therefore took it from me, and has thereby reduced me to that ſtate of beggary in which you ſee me. He has done more: I have but one ſon, who was the ſupport of my old age, and he has taken him from me, and has made him his ſlave. Theſe, Sir, are the cauſe of my tears."

The emperor was much affected at this diſcourſe, and determined to revenge a crime committed under his authority. He aſked the old man if the houſe he had been ſpeaking of was far from that place, and the old man having anſwered that it was barely half a league, the emperor ſaid, he would go along with him, and

perſuade the governor to give him back his houſe and ſon. "Perſuade him! (replied the old man.)- Ah! Sir, I muſt tell you, that this man belongs to the emperor. It is not ſafe for either you or me to talk to him on ſuch an occaſion; he will only treat me the worſe for it, and you will receive nothing but inſult, which I would wiſh to ſpare you."—"Let not that diſturb you, (replied the emperor.) I am reſolute, and have reaſon to hope, that we ſhall ſucceed better than you expect."

The old man, who imagined he perceived ſomething in the countenance of the ſtranger, which marked the character of a man of ſome conſequence, thought it became him to make no farther reſiſtance. He made no other objection but that of being broken down ſo by age, and on foot, he ſhould not be able to keep pace with his horſe." "I am young, (anſwered the emperor) get upon my horſe, and I will walk." The old man could not conſent to this, and the emperor found

found out a new expedient, that of taking him up behind him. The old man again excuſed himſelf, ſaying, he had it not in his power to change his clothes and his linen, and he might thereby communicate to him vermin, from which he could not keep himſelf free. "Come along, my friend (anſwered the emperor) get up behind me; I can ſoon change my cloaths." The old man at laſt got up behind the emperor, and they were ſoon carried where they wiſhed to go.

The emperor was no ſooner arrived there, than he aſked for the governor, who, being come, was very much ſurpriſed, when the emperor, as he approached him, made himſelf known by the embroidered dragon he wore at his breaſt, and which his hunting dreſs had hitherto concealed. It ſhould ſeem as if to make this action of juſtice and humanity the more celebrated, the greater part of the courtiers, who attended the king on this day's hunt, by chance came to the ſpot, and ſurrounded the emperor, as if

it had been by appointment. It was before this great aſſembly, that he loaded the governor with a thouſand reproaches for perſecuting the good old man, and, after having obliged him to reſtore him his ſon and his poſſeſſions, he ordered his head to be immediately cut off. He did more; he put the old man in his place, and adviſed him to take care that fortune did not change his manners, leſt ſome other ſhould be benefited by his imprudence and injuſtice, as he had been that day by the cruelty of the late governor.

This affords a uſeful leſſon to all mankind, and to youth in particular, never to be guilty of an act of inhumanity, merely becauſe they may think themſelves out of the reach of juſtice.

The Portugueſe Scipio.

The Portugueſe being at war with the iſland of Ceylon, their general, Thomas de

de Suſa, made many priſoners, among whom was a beautiful female Indian, who had juſt before promiſed to give her hand in marriage to a handſome youth of her own country. The lover, as ſoon as he heard of the unfortunate lot of his beloved miſtreſs, haſtened to throw himſelf at her feet, when ſhe received him, with open arms, in tranſports. Their misfortunes not permitting them to live together in the enjoyment of freedom, he freely took upon him to divide with her the horrors of ſlavery.

Suſa, who had a noble heart, ſuſceptible of the tendereſt feelings, was much affected at this ſcene. "It is enough, (ſaid he to the generous youth) that love loads you with chains, and may you wear them to the lateſt period of your life. Go, and live happily together: you are from this moment free from my fetters." The two lovers threw themſelves at his knees, and ever after attached themſelves to their generous deliverer, wiſhing to live under the laws of a nation, who knew

knew how ſo nobly to employ their victories.

The Viciſſitudes of Fortune.

Barbula, who had been the experienced friend of Antony, and who had ſerved him at the battle of Philippa, bought a perſon who had been proſcribed, and who had diſguiſed himſelf in the habit of a ſlave, in order to ſave his life. This pretended ſlave, to whom hiſtory has given the ſir-name of Marcus, acquitted himſelf with ſo much diſcernment and probity, as plainly evinced he was ſomething higher than a ſlave. Barbula wiſhed to draw from him this ſecret, promiſing him, that, if he really was among the number of proſcribed, he would uſe his intereſt to have his name eraſed from that fatal liſt. It may not be amiſs here to inform my youthful readers what is meant by *proſcribed*. Civil wars were very common

mon in Rome, and the party who prevailed always poſted up the names of the principal men who had oppoſed him, who were thereby expoſed to the danger of being murdered.

To return. Marcus would make no confeſſion, but followed his maſter to Rome. He was there known by one of the friends of Barbula; and this latter, according to his promiſe, obtained, by his credit with Agrippa, a pardon for Marcus, and in conſequence he attached himſelf to that party.

Many years afterwards happened the battle of Actium, in which Marcus and Barbula were in oppoſite intereſts; the firſt fought for Auguſtus, and the other for Antony. After the battle, the ſcene between Marcus and his friend was renewed, but in a different point of view. Barbula found no other means to avoid death than by diſguiſing himſelf as a ſlave. Marcus bought him, pretending not to know him; and, by means of the influence he then had with Auguſtus, procured

cured his pardon, and thus ſaved the man who had before been his deliverer. Theſe two friends were ſome time after joint conſuls at Rome, and thereby ſhewed what gratitude is capable of producing.

Conjugal Fidelity.

Guelph, duke of Bavaria, having made war on the Emperor Conrad III. that prince beſieged him in the caſtle of Weinſberg, where he defended himſelf to the laſt extremity; but was at laſt obliged to ſurrender at diſcretion. The emperor treated the perſon, whom Guelph had ſent to him to capitulate, with great civility, and gave his word, that the duke and his troops ſhould be permitted to paſs through the Imperial troops unmoleſted. The duke's lady, however, ſuſpected ſome fatal deſign againſt her huſband, on account of ſome extravagant language he had

had made uſe of againſt the emperor, was concealed under all this appearance of mildneſs and clemency. She therefore wiſhed to make a more certain engagement than that of mere words. She ſent a gentleman to the emperor, to demand of him ſafe conduct, not only for herſelf, but alſo for the other ladies and women that were in the caſtle, that they might be ſuffered to paſs unmoleſted, and be conducted to a place of ſecurity, and take whatever they could carry with them. To this the emperor conſented.

This evacuation was made in the preſence of the emperor and all the army; and every one was aſtoniſhed, when they ſaw paſs, firſt the ducheſs, then counteſſes, baroneſſes, and other ladies of quality, whoſe huſbands had offended the emperor, each with difficulty carrying her lord on her ſhoulders. It had been ſuppoſed in the army, that when the ducheſs demanded this favour, it was only with a view to ſave their gold, ſilver, and jewels, and had no ſuſpicion of her real intentions.

tions. The emperor was quite aſtoniſhed at this ſight, and could not help reflecting on the tenderneſs and courage of theſe ladies, who conſidered their huſbands as their true treaſure, which they eſteemed more than gold or jewels, and that they were the moſt valuable of their poſſeſſions. The emperor was ſo affected at this generous ſight, that he highly commended their fidelity to their huſbands, treated them with a ſplendid dinner, and came to a ſincere accommodation with Guelph and his companions. The emperor's officers gave him different advice; but he anſwered them, "A king ſhould never break his word."

The Aſtrologer.

An aſtrologer having foretold the death of a lady, of whom Louis the Eleventh was very fond, and chance having juſtified his prediction, the king ſent for the aſtrologer.

aſtrologer. "You, (ſaid the king) who can foreſee every thing, tell me when you ſhall die." The aſtrologer, either being pre-informed, or gueſſing at the ſnare the king was laying for him, replied, "I ſhall die three days before your majeſty." The king's fears and ſuperſtition prevented him from acting as he intended, which was undoubtedly to put the aſtrologer to death. On the contrary, he took particular care of the life of the impoſtor, Thereby thinking to prolong his own.

Alexander's Phyſician.

Alexander the Great, purſuing the army of Darius through Cilicia, made himſelf maſter of the city of Thrace, through which runs the Cydnus, a river leſs celebrated for its magnitude than for the excellence of its water, which is as extremely clear as it is cold, on account of its being conſtantly ſhaded. It was then

towards the end of the year, when the heats are the moſt powerful in Cilicia, and at the hotteſt time of the day, when the king arrived on the banks of this river, covered with ſweat and duſt. Seeing the water ſo clear and beautiful, he determined to bathe in it; but no ſooner had he plunged in, than he was ſeized with ſuch a ſhivering, that every one thought he would have died.

They carried him to his tent in a ſtate of inſenſibility, and the conſternation in the camp was general. Every ſoldier wept, and, for a time forgetting themſelves, and the dangers to which they were expoſed, nothing was heard but complaints and lamentations, that, in the flower of his youth, and in the career of his greateſt proſperity, he who was at once their king and companion in war, ſhould be thus taken from them, and for ever ſnatched from their arms!

However, he at length came a little to himſelf, and began to know thoſe who ſurrounded him; but he ſeemed to be only

only ſo far recovered, as to become ſenſible of his pains, and his mind appeared to be more afflicted than his body, having received news that Darius would ſoon be with him. He complained heavily of the ſeverity of his fate, which left him without defence expoſed to his enemy, which ſnatched from him ſo glorious a victory, which left him to die an obſcure death in his tent, and very diſtant from that glory he before had within his reach.

Having ordered his confidents and phyſicians into his preſence, "You ſee, my friends, (ſaid he to them) to what a terrible extremity fortune has reduced me. Methinks I already hear the approach of the enemy's army, and ſee Darius arrived. He undoubtedly foreſaw my bad fortune, when he wrote to his provincial governors ſuch haughty and inſolent letters concerning me; but, ſhould I recover, I may perhaps teach him better. The ſtate of my affairs will not admit of gentle means and timid medicines; a ſpeedy death is preferable to a tedious recovery. If the

phyſicians think they have any reſource for me, in their medicines, tell them, that I have not ſo much deſire to live as to fight."

This precipitate and determined reſolution of the king alarmed every one preſent. The phyſicians, who knew they would be reſponſible for the event of their preſcriptions, were afraid to adminiſter any uncommon and violent remedy, eſpecially as Darius had publickly offered a thouſand talents to any one who ſhould kill Alexander.

Philip, one of the king's phyſicians, who, having attended him from his early age, loved him tenderly, not only as his king, but as his protector and benefactor, his mind being warmed by affection to his maſter above all conſiderations of human prudence, he offered to adminiſter to him a medicine, which he ſaid would not be very violent, and which would not fail of producing a good effect; but he demanded three days to prepare it. Every one trembled for the fate of this

phyſi-

phyſician, except Alexander himſelf, to whom, however, the delay of three days was a terrible affliction, as he was impatient to appear at the head of his army.

During this interval, Alexander received a letter from Parmenio, who was then in Cappadocia, and in whom the king had placed more confidence than in any other of his courtiers. The letter tended to adviſe the king not to truſt to his phyſician Philip, as Darius had corrupted him with the promiſe of a thouſand talents, and to give him his ſiſter in marriage. This letter threw Alexander into great perplexity, being agitated by the two different paſſions of hope and fear. However, the confidence he had in his phyſician, whom he had known and experienced from his early infancy, ſoon diſſipated all his doubts. He folded up the letter, and put it under his pillow, without acquainting any one with its contents.

The day arrived, and Philip produced his medicine. Alexander, taking the let-

ter from under his pillow, gave it Philip to read, at the ſame time taking the cup, and, fixing his eyes upon him, ſwallowed the contents, without ſhewing the leaſt mark of ſuſpicion or uneaſineſs.

Philip, while he was reading the letter, ſhewed ſtronger marks of indignation and contempt, than of ſurpriſe and fear, and, ſitting down on the king's bed, "My lord, (ſaid he, in a firm and reſolute tone) your cure will ſoon juſtify me againſt this horrid charge. The only favour I have to aſk of you is, that you will be compoſed in your mind, and that you will permit the medicine to operate, without conſidering on the advice you have received from ſervants perhaps more zealous than prudent." Theſe words perfectly ſatisfied the king, and hope and joy brightened in his countenance. The king took Philip by the hand, ſaying, "Do you make yourſelf eaſy, as I ſuppoſe you are unhappy on two accounts, for my recovery, and your own juſtification."

The

The medicine, however, operated in ſuch a manner, that the ſymptoms which followed ſeemed to juſtify the accuſation of Parmenio. The king loſt his ſpeech, and fell into ſuch ſwoons, as almoſt deprived him of pulſe and life. Philip uſed all his art to aſſiſt him; and, as ſoon as he ſaw him a little recovered, he began to diſcourſe with him on agreeable matters, ſometimes about his mother and ſiſters, and then concerning the great victory, which was haſtily advancing to crown his firſt triumphs.

At laſt, the medicine having prevailed, and ſpread its ſalutary and vivifying virtues through all his veins, his mind began to recover its vigour, and next his body, much ſooner than could have been expected. Three days afterwards he ſhewed himſelf to his army, who could not take their eyes off him, and who could hardly believe what they ſaw, ſo greatly had his danger alarmed and dejected them. They loaded his phyſician with careſſes, every one embraced him, and paid their reſpects

reſpects to him as a divinity, who had ſaved the life of their prince.

Capitulation of Barcelona.

During the war about the ſucceſſion of Spain, the Germans and Engliſh, under the command of Lord Peterborough, laid ſiege to Barcelona. The vice-roy who commanded the fortreſs, being a weak man, ſeeing a powerful enemy without, and a ſeditious people within, determined to ſurrender. He ſpoke to Lord Peterborough at the gates of the city; but before the articles were ſigned, all on a ſudden, a great noiſe and uproar were heard. "You have betrayed us, (ſaid the vice-roy to Lord Peterborough) we were capitulating in good faith, and ſee, your Engliſh have entered the city by the ramparts."—"You are miſtaken, (replied his lordſhip) they are the German troops. There is but one way of ſaving your city, and that is to permit me and my Engliſh troops immediately to enter. I will appeaſe

peaſe every thing, and then I will return to finiſh the capitulation." He ſpoke this with ſuch an appearance of truth, and an air of grandeur, which, added to the imminent danger the city was in, determined the governor to let them enter. His lordſhip haſtened with his officers, and found the Germans and Catalans plundering the houſes of the principal citizens. He drove them away, and made them reſtore the booty they had taken. At length, having reſtored tranquillity to the city, he returned to the governor, and ſigned the capitulation. The Spaniards were loſt in amazement on finding ſo much generoſity in the Engliſh, whom the inhabitants had been taught to conſider as unrelenting barbarians, becauſe they were of a different religion.

The beſt Hour for Eating.

A man went one day to conſult Diogenes, to know which was the beſt hour to

to eat in. "If you are rich, (ſaid the philoſopher) eat when you will; and, if you are poor, eat when you can get it."

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